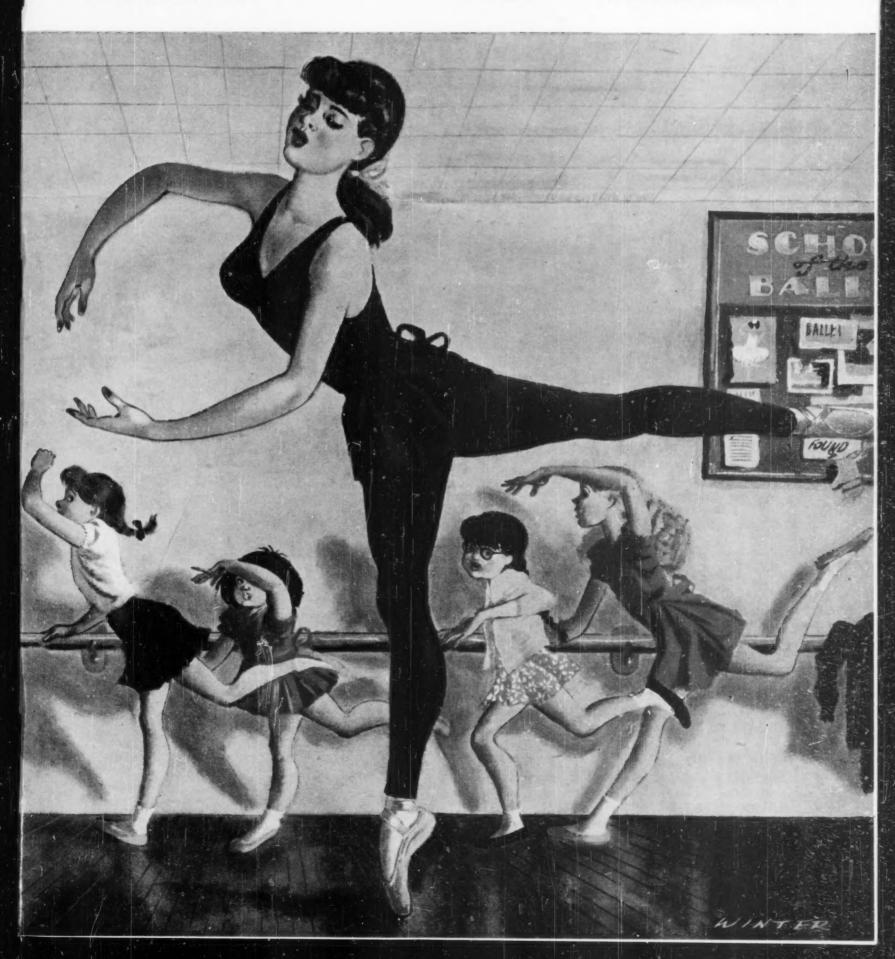
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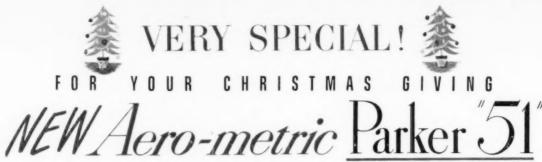
November 15, 1950

Ten Cents

THE REDS ARE READY TO WAGE WAR INSIDE CANADA

By T. G. McManus, For 20 Years a Communist







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EDITORIAL

What Does a Nation Owe To Its Would-be Traitors?

In THIS issue of this magazine a man who as recently as four months ago was a member of the Canadian Communist Party's Central Committee makes certain disclosures to which no Canadian can be indifferent. The burden of these disclosures is that a large and well-prepared army of Canadian Communists already stands mobilized and ready to go underground and fight an underground war against Canada in the event that Canada should find itself at war against Soviet Russia.

In a sense this shouldn't be news. We think that even on the extreme fringes of the democratic Left it is now generally understood that the Communist movement, in Canada as almost everywhere else, is a working instrument of Russian foreign policy.

We aren't so sure it has been understood how far the Canadian Communist is ready and willing to go on behalf of the Russian policy. We are afraid that many Canadians still regard the domestic Communist mainly as an eccentric: maybe an intellectual blinded by a mirage; maybe one of those "troublemaking foreigners" who can't be expected to see things straight anyhow. Whatever he is, he can't be very dangerous.

People who accept this indulgent point of view often recall the record of Canada's Communists in the last war. Until Hitler attacked Russia they made speeches and distributed pamphlets aimed at undermining the nation's will to fight. But as a physical force they were almost harmless. No major acts of sabotage were traced to them. In another war, it's sometimes argued, they would revert to the status of tame pinks.

The flaw in this reasoning is that at no time between 1939 and 1945 was Canada at war with Soviet Russia. Canada's Communists abstained from making physical war against Canada simply because Soviet Russia was not making physical war against Canada. The preparations they are making for the next war—if a next war should come—are not the preparations of speechmakers, pamphleteers and "agitators." They are the preparations of an active, militant, physical fifth column.

Maclean's still believes there is little to be gained—and a good deal to lose—by attempts to outlaw Communism here and now. But we think it is important for Canadians to realize that when and if the decision to outlaw Communism must be taken it can be taken without pangs of conscience..

In making war against its Communists the country has the strongest possible moral right—the strongest possible duty—to make war according to the same strategic principles which the Communists intend to employ in making war against their country. It is clear that the risk of harm to themselves and their cause is the only deterrent the Communists intend to recognize. Risk—the risk of jeopardizing our basic freedoms—is the only deterrent we should accept in protecting ourselves against them.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



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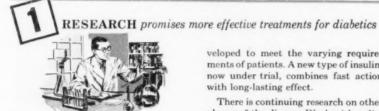


Some simple facts about

DIABETES

Diabetes is a condition in which the body is unable to utilize properly the sugars and starches in food. This condition is due to a deficiency in the body's own supply of insulin.

The use of insulin, made from the pancreas of animals, has made the treatment of diabetes increasingly effective. As a result, diabetics usually live long and nearly normal lives. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic today is double what it was before insulin was discovered, and has increased even more for young diabetics.



Medical science is constantly improving the treatment of diabetes. Different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, have been developed to meet the varying requirements of patients. A new type of insulin, now under trial, combines fast action with long-lasting effect.

There is continuing research on other phases of the disease. Work with radioactive isotopes and other studies offer the hope for further progress in treatment, and perhaps for the prevention of some cases of the disease

DIAGNOSIS is quick, and easily accomplished



Sugars and starches cannot be utilized satisfactorily by the untreated diabetic. As a result, sugar appears in the urine. It is now possible for anyone who suspects diabetes to make a simple, inexpensive test at home for sugar in the urine. Kits for this test may be obtained at most drug stores. If the results of the test are positive, a doctor should be consulted for further examination

One recent survey showed that for every 4 persons known to have diabetes there were 3 others who had it without knowing it. Having periodic medical examinations that include a check for diabetes, or making the simple test oneself, helps to insure early diagnosis. If proper treatment is started at once, serious complications can usually be avoided.

REATMENT is largely the patient's responsibility



Most doctors agree that the diabetic himself largely determines his own future. Cooperation between patient and doctor, of course, is essential. Only the physician can determine whether or not insulin is required, and in what dosage. He will also prescribe proper diet and advise about necessary exercise.

Once the correct treatment is established, however, continued successful control of the disease depends mainly on the patient. He should be careful and faithful in following the prescribed instructions, and he should be alert for signs of possible complications. If the average diabetic observes these and other precautions, he can usually look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

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BACKSTAGE IN INDIA

How Canada Looks from Asia

BY BLAIR FRASER MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Blair Fraser has left his regular Ottawa beat on a global air tour to write a series of world reports for Maclean's readers. These will appear in special articles as well as in Fraser's regular Backstage column, which in the next few issues will be filed from wherever Maclean's Ottawa editor is at deadline time. This column was cabled from India where Fraser was one of the Canadian delegates at the 11th annual conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

UCKNOW, INDIA - Coming East is like catching a glimpse of your own back in a tailor's For a fleeting moment you see how you look to other people and it's usually a shock.

The other morning several Canadians had breakfast in Delhi with a young government official—a bright chap who reads Western papers and magazines regularly and is unusually well informed on our affairs. He mentioned casually that the U.S. Press is dominated by the State Department and must echo administration views on foreign policy. We were too amazed to speak for a minute but finally summoned breath to assure him of the fact that the opposite is true-if anything, the State Department is dominated by the Republican Press, at least until the elections. He smiled and nodded politely but obviously he could not bring himself to believe a word of it.

The unanimity of the U.S. papers in support of the U.S. Government's policy in Formosa, which appears utter insanity to Indians, could not possibly be accidental in his view-it had to mean an editorial line dictated from Washington.

THIS WAS only one of several vital misconceptions in the mind of this well-read Indian. He made us realize the amount of damage done already by the U.S. and Canada continuing to recognize a bankrupt émigré regime. Canada even those opposing our present policy tend to think the matter one of small importance, to be rectified at our convenience. In India you learn that this is untrue. India can see no logical conclusion to that policy except war to recapture the Chinese mainland and restore Chiang Kai-shek and prop him in

Of all countries, India probably fears war the most. A desperately poor country, only three years free, she faces internal problems of staggering dimensions and complexity. Her leaders Continued on page 72



Sometimes it's a shock to realize what the other fellow sees.



SCULPTURE for the new Commons which now stands on the ashes of the old.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

Come Into Our New House!

REMEMBER the day well. It was Friday, May the 9th, in the year 1941. About 10 young air force pilots, including Hindus, Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians had arranged that I should show them around the Houses of Parliament and we had reached the Commons just after it had adjourned at 4.30 p.m.

With reasonable accuracy I pointed out the features of interest and described the procedure; then we slowly made our way out. For some reason we paused at the exit and stood gazing at the chamber. A ray of sun came in from a window wearing a halo of dust particles. Papers and torn-up memos were strewn on the floor. The silence was ghostly.

"Well," I said, "that is the House of Commons. Take it all in all we shall not see its like again." Then we parted and went our different ways.

parted and went our different ways.

The next night the Luftwaffe struck savagely at London. More than 500 planes came over and hurled their bombs at the very heart of the ancient capital. Queen's Hall was destroyed, Westminster Abbey was struck, and hundreds of people were killed and mutilated. At 2 a.m. a bomb fell upon the House of Commons but did not explode. Half an hour later a shower of explosives and incendiary bombs hit the Commons again. Like the death of the gods in Wagner's "Gotterdämmerung" the whole district seemed to be in flames. Near Lambeth Bridge a gas main was blazing; Westminster School was burning; angry flames were jetting from Victoria Tower.

The firemen fought desperately to save Westminster Hall where Charles I was tried. Its ancient beam roof was on fire and likely to collapse. The ball survived but when daylight came the Commons was nothing more than a heap of rubble. The barbarians had won a great victory.

By the time you read these words we shall be in the new House of Commons which has risen upon the ashes of the old. As we enter the chamber from the members' lobby we shall pass under the Churchill Arch, constructed from damaged stones from the old chamber and placed there in memory of that night of fire and fury in 1941, and in tribute to the unconquerable spirit of the man whose name it bears.

Every dominion and colony has contributed something to the new Commons, ranging from the paneled oak table presented by Canada to Zanzibar's gift of a solid silver ash tray. As we do not smoke in the chamber the ash tray should remain as unblemished as the generosity which promoted it.

After the large area of the House of Lords Chamber, where we have been sitting since 1941, the new Commons will look strangely small and compact. Actually the seating capacity is approximately the same although, to the puzzlement of our overseas guests, there are not enough seats for all the M.P.'s. The reason is peculiarly English and not easy for visitors from other lands to understand.

Winston Churchill has always argued that a great occasion needs a sense of excitement which can only be attained by every available inch of space being occupied, including the area beyond the bar of the house where the overflow can stand and listen. Another reason is that on an ordinary day only half or a third of the members attend the debate at one time, others being on committees or attending to their correspondence, or speaking in the country. Thus if there were seats for everyone the place would have to be so large that the attendance would look more meagre than ever.

In other Continued on page 58



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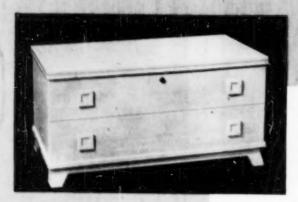
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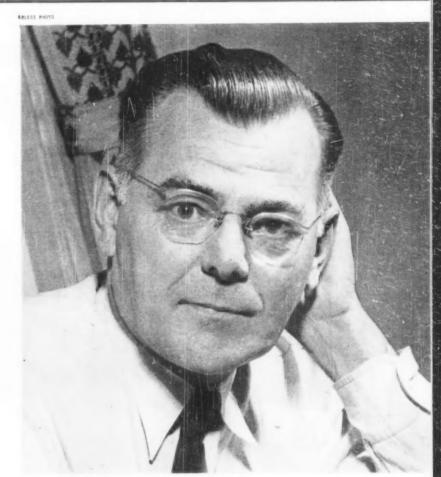


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THE REDS ARE READY TO WAGE WAR INSIDE CANADA

Before he broke with the party four months ago, T. G. McManus, a member of the Communist Central Committee for Canada, had already been shown his underground hideout, been issued his code name and his orders for sabotaging industry—all part of the Communist blueprint for treason if war should come between Canada and Russia



UNDERCOVER MAN in the last war, McManus was caught and interned.

BY T. G. McMANUS

WIE MIGHT have been two fishermen driving up the Ottawa River for pickerel, or a realestate salesman and his prospect looking over a piece of summer property. Most of our talk was about the weather and our families. The details had been straightened out long before we left Montreal and the only purpose of this trip was to make sure-that I would have no trouble finding the place again.

Near the village of Point Fortune, where the Quebec-Ontario border makes a right-angled turn about halfway between Montreal and Ottawa, we took a side road to a big frame house standing beside a lake. My guide, Harry Binder, chief organizer of the Communist Party in Quebec, stopped the car. I got out and took a long look at the hideaway

I got out and took a long look at the hideaway which the party had selected for me in the event of a war involving Canada on one side and Soviet Russia on the other. From this quiet rambling dwelling, aided by an elaborate paraphernalia of

contact men, runners and codes, I was to help lead the carefully trained organization of several thousand Canadians which already stands mobilized and ready to transform the Communist Party of Canada into an underground army making underground war against Canada on Canadian soil.

against Canada on Canadian soil.

This war, if it comes, will be fought by Canada's Communists on two major fronts. It will be fought on the production lines, military and industrial. It will be fought with equal intensity from within the Canadian armed forces themselves, where many party members are already in uniform, taking instructions directly from the party and reporting regularly to the party on the success of a subtle, long-range attack against the convictions and the morale of the men they eat with, sleep with and train with.

I am talking facts. For 19 years—until I broke with the party over the issues of Korea four months ago—I stood high in its councils. I was a member

of its Central Committee. I have gone underground with the party before. Until the Royal Canadian Mounted Police caught up with me and interned me in the spring of 1940, I helped to organize and direct the military cadres whose main job—while their members posed as loyal Canadian servicemen—was to spread anti-war propaganda within theforces. Later, after Hitler's attack on Russia had transformed the "imperialist" war into a "just and democratic" war and I had been freed from internment I joined the Army on party orders.

My role in the next war's Communist underground—which, I repeat, is already carefully organized and ready for action on an hour's notice—would have been a more important one. I was to be director of labor activities for Quebec. My job would have been to hinder war production in any way possible—through sabotage, slow-downs or strikes. I was given this assignment by Harry Binder a year ago, not

Continued on page 61





HOW FREUD CHANGED YOUR LIFE

Denounced as pure filth, revered as ultimate truth, the teachings of Sigmund Freud have influenced our books, movies and the way we rear our children. He gave us the subconscious, the libido and the id



For one thing, he told why you dream of flying.

BY LISTER SINCLAIR

AT THE turn of the century a middle-aged doctor woke in Vienna from a strange dream. He dreamed that he was working in the hospital dissecting room, but that the specimen he was preparing was his own pelvis. Methodically and conscientiously he noted his findings.

The dreamer was Sigmund Freud, then preparing his book "The Interpretation of Dreams." In it the pelvis dream appears, together with its interpretation: it expressed Freud's inner reluctance to give away so much of his inner life by

publishing his work.

In the 50 years that have passed since then Freud has become world famous and many conflicting ideas have been labeled Freudian. His theories have been sneered at as filthy nonsense and treated with the hushed respect accorded religious dogma. Everybody has had something to say about him.

Psychoanalysis, his method of treating neurotics, has become equally famous. The man on the couch unburdening himself to the psychiatrist has become a familiar ingredient of magazine cartoons—talking to himself, for example, into a dictaphone. And, although psychoanalysis is only a very small part of psychology, many people think they are both the same. And both bunk.

All the same, we continually feel the influence of Freud throughout our everyday lives. When a mother looks in a parents' magazine to see what to do about thumb-sucking or bed-wetting, she is probably being influenced by Freud. When a suspected criminal is given a rapid word-association test as part of a lie-detector examination, Freud's theories suggested it.

His influence is conspicuous in our entertainment. Many

of the movies you see have somewhere a basis in Freudian theory ("The Snakepit," "Lost Weekend"), usually considerably hashed over. If you pick up a new novel you will probably feel the influence of Freud. The chances are you won't read James ("Finnegan's Wake") Joyce yourself; but writers read him and Joyce Cary's recent novel, "The Horse's Mouth," bears the influence of Joyce, and through him, Freud. Even a topical revue audience is ready and eager to laugh at lines like "I'm the Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud."

But Freud also explained many of the mysteries of human behavior, both big and little. Whenever men want to study each other it is to Freud they turn. He has explained just why you forgot the name of the fellow you were introduced to 10 minutes ago; why Australian aborigines always marry outside their clan; why Hamlet hesitated about killing his uncle; why you sometimes dream of flying; why people buying Valentine cards don't like them to have pictures of cut flowers in vases; and why people laugh at jokes like the one about the man who said he had a bath every year whether he needed it or not, which Freud discusses in his book, "Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious."

But while many people think of Freud with indignation as a cold-blooded muckraking extremist, or with a snigger as the man who invented sex, the fact remains that no scientist of recent times, with the possible exception of Einstein, has received more professional respect and admiration.

Many psychologists disagree with certain of Freud's theories, or at any rate wish to modify them considerably. However, his life-size statue stands in the American Institute of Psychiatry.

In 1930 he was awarded the

Continued on page 68

Riches For The Little



Rooster

Canada's No. 1 man of the theatre, Gratien Gélinas, the idol of Quebec, is as good at figures as he is at writing, directing, producing and starring in his smash hits. Now he's got Broadway producers interested in staging his sensational play, "Tit-Coq"

BY GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

AST SPRING a diminutive Canadien with a melancholy pierrot face arrived on Broadway with a neatly typed three-act play under his arm. He stayed two days. In those two days he listened calmly as some of the biggest men in show business bid against each other for the privilege of presenting the play in New York. Then he went back to Montreal without signing up with anybody.

Though this sounds like patent madness, to anyone who knows Gratien Gélinas it is not at all surprising. For Gélinas, creator of the fabulous "Fridolin" and authorproducer-director-star of the record-smashing Canadien play, "Tit-Coq," is as good at figures as he is at dialogue. He simply played the big shots off one against the other to eventually get the best possible deal for Gélinas when the

English version of "Tit-Coq" is finally ready for Broadway.

Theatrical rumor has it that he is now arguing terms through his agent, William Morris, with Arthur Schwartz, a leading producer, for a Broadway opening early next year. It's possible Gélinas will be a partner in the investment.

This big-time finagling is all the more impressive when it's realized that Gélinas' "Tit-Coq" (pronounced tee-cock; means "little rooster") has only had a few Montreal performances in English. But the French version is already legendary in Quebec. Since its Montreal première in May, 1948, it has been performed 213 times for an audience of 208,600 (a fifth the population of Montreal), grossing more than \$400,000. It has earned for Gélinas an estimated \$175,000 before taxes, a string of awards and prizes, an honorary degree and critical acclaim that leaves him unapproached as Canada's No. 1 man of the theatre.

Satisfied that the French version was accepted by Quebecers as a work of art, and declining early Broadway offers, Gélinas set about the year-long job of translating his first full-length drama into English. It wasn't only a matter of making money; he had to be sure it would survive as art away from its home environment, that it had the universal qualities needed to make it a success on any stage.

The New Yorkers Were Startled

When the translation was done Gélinas called his original Canadien cast for rehearsal in April. He was determined to produce the same play with the same cast in a second language. Several of his players spoke only a little English; some none at all. Only a death in the cast made a replacement necessary.

Opening night was probably the toughest Gélinas will ever have to face. He had purposely planned an all-English-speaking audience to test reaction. Most of them had had the genius of "Fridolin" shoved down their throats by their French-speaking neighbors ever since the first of the annual "Fridolinons" revues 12 years ago, and many of them came with a show-me attitude. Also present were the English reviewers, traditionally tough-minded toward Canadien theatre. Gélinas had tried to dissuade New York people from coming but, in spite of his efforts, nearly a dozen, including three producers, turned up to scout "Tit-Coq" and Gélinas for Broadway. The cast was terribly nervous; even the usually letter-

perfect Gélinas fluffed a couple of lines, but by the end of the first scene he had the audience wrapped up and was never behind from then on.

In his dressing room after the performance he said, "I'll be surprised if the critics like it." When he read the papers next day he was a little overwhelmed. "Undoubtedly the finest work of dramatic art that has yet come from a Canadian pen," one reviewer wrote.

The New Yorkers thought likewise. Gélinas' acting

really startled them. He speaks English with only slight accent and plays with tremendous conviction and sincerity. They compared him with Chaplin in his ability to evoke tears with laughter. Milton Shubert, nephew of Lee Shubert, said he hadn't been so moved in a theatre for years.

Gélinas felt there were still many things wrong with the play and he wanted to fix them before he offered it anywhere again. He tape-recorded three complete performances and, during a rewrite this summer,



GELINAS' STAFF, sometimes numbering more than 60, gets well paid. For "Tit-Coq" most of them switched perfectly from French to English to score a new hit.



THE LITTLE ROOSTER rehearses in his Montreal studio with Huguette Oligny, his leading lady. He's been known to burst into real tears when things go wrong,



HIS OWN BACKER, Gélinas has complete freedom. Three years of accountancy made him a whiz at figures. "Tit-Coq" has already grossed more than \$400,000.



DHILISTINE STINE

This girl knew two things—love and war. In the dim tavern of the Seven Eyes, Paltiel, proud armor-bearer to the King of Gath, talked of both—disastrously

By W. G. HARDY

Illustrated by Murray Smith

E LOUNGED into the tavern that afternoon, a tall man, arrogant with the easy, unthinking arrogance of youth. The girl he had come to see was bent over behind the low, brick-built counter, tugging at a jar.

To Paltiel, handsome charioteer and armorbearer of the King of Gath, women seemed, at times, too accessible. Not this girl; she had resisted all his advances.

Drawing himself up, he swirled his cloak around him in the grand manner of the Seren of Ashkelon. "Wine," he ordered. "Wine for the king's charioteer."

"You'll get none here," she flung back. "Take your custom elsewhere."

He had to get into her good graces somehow, this girl whose face for some reason had kept haunting him ever since he'd first seen her, a fortnight back.

"Come, Huldah," he coaxed, dropping the grand manner and leaning over the counter. "Where else would I drink, little pigeon, while King Achish, may Dagon grant him long life, holds Council?"

There was a quick, a speculative glance at him, instantly concealed.

Huldah placed a wine cup on the counter. Picking up a rhyton, with practiced ease, she swung it into position above her right shoulder and, perfectly conscious that her shapeliness was accentuated by the pose, let the thin stream pour downward to fill the cup.

"I hope you choke," she said, lowering the

"May Our Lady, even Atargatis, reward you," he burlesqued and lifted the cup. Huldah put both hands on the counter and leaned toward him.

"A Council, you said?"

He finished the drink. "The King and the Serens," he told her, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. "There was, at last, an envoy from that

dog of a David. An hour since."
"What news?" Maoch asked quickly from the table. Paltiel turned. All Gath, ever since the news had come that David, the vassal King of Judah, had, without permission, been anointed King of Israel as well as of Judah, had been wondering if the ancient struggle between Hebrew and

Philistine was about to break out afresh. Paltiel considered Maoch. He was a type for which the young Philistine had little liking, a waddly, popeyed man, wedded to his possessions. He grinned briefly. Then, before their eyes he became the Hebrew envoy, rough, bearded, half fearful in front of Achish, King of Gath and Overlord of the Five Cities, and yet with something stubborn and unyielding within him.

"Our God, Yahweh,' "he intoned with pursed lips and obstinate outthrust of his chin, "enjoins that no longer shall his people be under the yoke of the false gods of the Philistines.' "He laughed and straightened up. And then, noticing the girl motionless, a strange hushed look on her face: "Come, girl. Fill it up again."

He pushed the wine cup across the counter. As, with a little start, she turned to hoist the rhyton, from against the wall a slender youth whom Paltiel did not know sprang to his feet.

did not know sprang to his feet.

"The ingrate," he blazed. "Did not Achish, may Dagon increase him, spare this David's life when, years ago, he fled from before the wrath of Saul? Did he not give him Ziklag to rule? Was it not by his favor that, after Gilboa, this David was made King of Judah? By Marnas of the Bull's Horns this Hebrew, this stench in the nostrils, must be lessoned."

"And so say I," Paltiel told him. "But look you, my friend, 'tis not so easy as talking." He picked up the cup and put it down without tasting of it. "This David is a soldier as well as a schemer. To unite Israel and Judah against us, those two that like mangy curs were always snapping at each other, was not simple. He has also taken Jerusalem."

He had flung the news to them carelessly, like a clean-picked bone. The first to recover was Maoch. "Jerusalem, the impregnable?" he exclaimed, his pop-eyes bulging.

Paltiel nodded, not noticing the quick, indrawn gasp the girl, Huldah, had given. "So, see where we are now, my masters," he said, still carelessly, as if it didn't matter too much. "Eight years back, after Gilboa—Saul, King of Israel slain and Jonathan slain and the army of Israel shattered—we Philistines held the hill country and the Hebrews between our hands like a Continued on page 46





JACK CREED sits for his portrait with a Creed coat that pleased him. Once he tore off a sleeve he disliked and cried," Make a whole new coat!"

THE CROTCHETY MERCHANT



CREED'S pioneered Bloor-at-Yonge as fashion row in Toronto, will soon move to a new location.



MRS. CREED (centre) issues orders in the specialty section she runs. Her one bad buy was in pearls.



ERMINE WON'T MIX with mink in Creed's storage. Ermine room holds a rajah's ransom.



SON EDDIE Creed watches the razor-edge artistry of Paul Hoffman, Canada's highest paid fur cutter.



CREED'S NAME has spread far. These gowns are modeled for North Bay and Carolina clients.



FUSSING with clients, darting about shop, Creed changes shoes three times daily to rest his feet.

Jack Creed walked across Europe on his way to establishing Toronto's toniest fur salon. Now he drives in a limousine to his \$400,000 business where the customer is always right as long as she agrees with Jack

PHOTOS BY ROCKETT-PANDA



CREED'S DISPLAYS stop Toronto's smartest window-shoppers, but "people who walk in off the street" get cool treatment.

BY EVA-LIS WUORIO

HE HOME of some of Canada's most expensive fur coats is a modern, white-painted, two-story building on Bloor Street, which is Toronto's closest approximation to Bond Street, Fifth Avenue, or Rue de la Paix. Four long windows space the façade; the doorway, decorated with black iron grilling, looks like an entrance to a private house, and the atmosphere that greets you is either genially personal or coldly condescending, depending on the heft of your pocketbook or how well your name is known on sizeable cheques.

This is Creed Furs Limited, built to its present eminence in 32 years from a \$160 grubstake by Jack Creed, who once walked across Europe from his home village in western Russia to Paris.

Creed likes to relate that he paid \$25 a month for his first Toronto store-and-flat while his yearly rental today is \$40,000. His establishment now consists of the Bloor Street shop and a cold storage plant for furs and is valued at around \$400,000, while his yearly turnover is reputedly more than a million. He will occasionally take a favored customer through his air-conditioned stockroom and reluctantly admit that, yes, it practically always holds a cache of fine furs worth half a million dollars.

Fur coats designed, sewn and sold by Creed are worn by well-dressed, well-heeled Canadian women from coast to coast. Among his customers are Mrs. Austin Taylor, wife of a Vancouver financier, Mrs. Alfred Rogers, owner of a Winnipeg creamery, Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Samuel Bronfman, of the Montreal distilling Bronfmans, and Mrs. E. P. Taylor, wife of the Toronto financier, and Mrs. Milton Cork, of the Loblaw Corks.

Barbara Ann Scott sports a Creed's natural ermine coat, an ermine jacket and a silver mink cape, while her mother owns a Creed's mink coat. Such well-known Americans as actress Lillian Gish and the wife of violinist Jascha Heifetz do their fur shopping at Creed's. When Princess Elizabeth was married the IODE presented her with an ermine coat, rumored to be worth \$20,000. Whether

this is the correct figure or not neither Creed nor the Imperial Daughters will divulge, though the latter hasten to explain that Creed insisted on contributing to the present himself by cutting the price considerably.

the price considerably.

When a group of Toronto friends of Fiorenza Drew, wife of the Conservative Party leader, decided to chip in for a sable piece for a going-to-Ottawa present, they bought it at Creed's. There is a framed letter in praise of a Creed coat from the lady-in-waiting to Lady Bessborough, wife of a Canadian governor-general, gathering dust on top of a cupboard in Creed's office.

But year in, year out, Jack Creed's steady clients—"We want clients, not customers"—are such Toronto blue-book, big-bank-account names as the Gooderhams, Worts, Masseys, Jarvises, Oslers, and Kemps.

Creed himself is a dapper stocky little man who stands so straight he almost seems to be leaning backward. His accent, still strong, thickens when he gets argumentative, as he will a couple of times a day. Then his ever-present dangling cigarette and his anger reduce listeners to watching his gestures for some clue as to what he's saying.

Clotheshorses at the Woodbine

In temperament he is Napoleonic. His family has long since ceased to argue with him and clients learn it doesn't get them anywhere. Recently he hired the services of a publicity firm and started to tell them what he wanted and how he wanted it done.

"I'm sure you don't want a yes-man, Mr. Creed," the public relations man put in.

"No," said Creed, "but I don't want any arguments either."

He is immensely interested in news and politics. His son Eddie says, "If he has any hobby outside the shop it's radio news, every hour on the hour." But in conversation he prefers to listen to himself. When Creed got into a political argument with fellow furrier Johnny Cohen, neither could hear the other above the shouting. Creed held up his hand. "Wait," he said, "I'll tell you what we do. I'll say everything I have to Continued on page 55

OF MINK



QUICK CHANGE by a model. The boss picks them tall.



Canada's mountain ranges contain many of the world's greatest glaciers. Here's majestic Crowfoot, as seen from the highway between Banff and Jasper.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW A B



BOUT GLACIERS

By MORTON HUNT

The few men who know them can read in the rivers of ice that orchids will bloom on Baffin Island and palm trees wave from Greenland's shore. They say, too, that glaciers sometimes growl

ORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS was supposed to show up at the foot of the Matterhorn glacier in the Swiss Alps last spring, but he didn't keep the date. Maybe he won't ever keep it now; after all he's been inside that glacier since July 1865. But Swiss glaciologists insist that the rate of flow of the river of ice should deliver his lordship at the foot any time now.

The optimistic experts find comfort in the appearance last year of Guiseppe Garrone at the foot of a Mont Blanc glacier. Garrone, an Italian schoolteacher, fell into an ice hole one day in 1910. He came out of the ice, the United Press reported, in perfect condition—for a corpse, that is.

The chances for Lord Douglas (his party was first to make the Matterhorn peak, 14,780 ft.) are pretty slim, however. Hundreds of other cases of men falling into glacial crevasses have been checked, but little has eventually been thrown out by the glacier but knapsacks, shoes and the odd limb.

Glaciers might seem pretty slow stuff, but there's always something happening around them that the average Joe never hears about. Take the glacier worms, for instance.

Even to experts on the polar ice caps "ice worms" have until last year been only creatures that Jack London might have dreamed up. Explorers would tell straightface stories to service-club lunchers about how they might have perished in the Arctic if they hadn't been able to net a mess of "ice worms" and fry them in seal fat.

Now a field party from the Arctic Institute of North America has actually found worms in old glacier ice in southeast Alaska and the Yukon. The party's leader, Walter A. Wood, informed a startled world that the ice worms were white, about one inch long. He had turned some specimens over to the American Museum of Natural History.

Then there's another, and much more important, angle to glaciers. They are really gigantic weathervanes for the world. And at the moment they're pointed to Fair and Warmer. The latest data from the International Commission on Snow and Glaciers indicate that things are hotting up to the extent that palm trees on the shores of Baffin Bay and tropical jungles in the Yukon can definitely be expected. This shouldn't happen till the year 20,000—but that's only an hour or two away in the life of the world. By 10,000 A.D. Toronto will be enjoying the climate now caressing New Orleans.

This all adds up to the fact that we don't know much about glaciers, even though Canada has many of the world's largest, including the Yukon's five-mile-wide Kaskawulsh which winds over 1,300 miles.

During the last 50 or 60 years glaciers have been shrinking on a world-wide scale. True, there still are a few here and there that grow longer. But, by and large, the rivers of ice are retreating up the mountains and uncovering more and more of the hidden earth.

The Dominion Water and Power Bureau recently found that glaciers in the Rockies had been steadily receding since 1887. Franklin Glacier, in the Coast Range, had backed up 4,500 feet since 1927. Muir Glacier, in Alaska, had shrunk by 60 miles since 1794. And in the past decade or two the retreat seems to have speeded up. The average shrinkage seems to be about 89 feet a year.

That's not lightninglike, but in a century even it's quite a bit. What's more to the point, it means something. If prevailing theories are right there will be more odd c langes on earth than just the appearance of orchids on Baffin Island in the centuries

Continued on pige 36

Ever Try to Teach Your Wife

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



She'll ask if there's enough gas in the battery.

VERY now and then for about six years I've Usually I'm back in about half an hour, my wife sobbing, my two daughters hugging her, and me saying: "Okay, okay. I'm sorry I used that word. But after all, I just paid 60 bucks for a new

But about two weeks ago I decided to change all that. I was going to be calm and reasonable. After all, I told myself, you can't teach a woman to drive by threatening her with the lifting jack. I had vague notions of myself sitting in the front seat looking like Confucius in a tweed suit.

I am sorry to say that that didn't work either. My wife is in the living room letting down a hem in frigid tight-lipped silence, and I'm in the kitchen trying to answer a letter I received today from a neighbor named Mrs. McCathy, who says: Mr. Allen: If you want to treat that fine little wife of yours the way you do that's your business. But I've got two growing daughters and I'm not going to have them listening to you tell your wife how to change gears.'

About the only thing I learned from the whole thing was that, although there are schools that teach women how to drive, schools that teach men how to drive, there should be schools to teach men how to teach women how to drive.

The first few lessons in this superschool should provide a sort of specialized public-speaking course to teach a man to keep his mind on what he's saying no matter what his wife is doing to the car. Then, when his wife grips the wheel as if she had hold of the cleaner who shrunk her dress, flushes a deep pink and starts out of the driveway like a "How-can-I-watchspawning salmon, yelling: where - I'm - going - with - all - those - other-thingsyou - told - me - to - do - I - bet - you - wouldn't talk - to - that - little - blond - number - at - your office-that-way," he'd simply say in a calm reassuring monotone, "The motor is going much too fast, dear, and you are moving the clutch in and out. Instead of which he grabs his glasses and hollers:

"I COULD DRIVE THIS CAR OUT OF THIS DRIVEWAY WITH MY HEAD UPSIDE DOWN!

At least that's what I hollered in a hot moment. The next minute I found myself hanging head down from the door, red in the face and cursing softly while the kids yelled: "Look at Daddy. neighbors began to set deck chairs out on their lawns to see how I'd make out.

When my wife gets behind the wheel I find myself shouting utter nonsense-I don't know why. It's just that things immediately become confused. I yell that cars coast uphill, that only streetcars stop for red lights and that airplanes don't need horns. One time I found myself trying to prove that onions don't smell.

Okay, okay. I know onions smell. I'm just telling you the kind of thing a man finds himself saying when his nerves begin to go. We'd just started the gear-changing lesson and I said, "If you just get the picture of the letter 'H' lying on its side."

Now don't start shrieking at me," my wife said.

"But, look, all I said was the gear shift is . . ."
"It's the way you said it," my wife said. "Sitting there smirking in that superior way of yours. After all, you didn't invent the automobile.

I said, "Look, why don't you just forget all this and let me drive you to the groceteria every Saturday morning?"

"And what am I supposed to do through the week," my wife snapped through her tears.

sit around the kitchen all day smelling of onions?"
"For Pete's sake, I never said you smell like

"Oh, so now onions don't smell?"

"ALL ONIONS DON'T SMELL," I velled, baring my teeth.

That night I heard my wife tell a girl friend over the phone, "Honestly, I thought he'd go insane. All he did was sit there screaming, 'Onions don't

She Had a Sphinxlike Smile

Another feature of the course on how to teach driving to a woman would be a brief course on driving for men. This would not be to teach men how to drive, but to make sure they don't forget how to drive. It's easier to forget than most men think. I used to operate a car as unconsciously as I'd lift a glass of beer. Now I've become so conscious of how far to shove a clutch in or when to change gears that I've had some sort of psycho-physical breakdown. If it keeps up much longer I'll have to phone the Motor League every morning to find out how to turn on the ignition.

From the first time I caught my wife with her head under the dash watching what I did with the clutch I've tried to let the clutch out better than anyone has ever done since Ford crossed his first T. I make the car jump. My wife straightens up with a sphinxlike smile.

"Okay," I yelp. "Five million guys do that at least once a day.

"You did exactly what I did when you used that language last Sunday. "DID I RUN INTO A BISCUIT FACTORY?"

"It wasn't a biscuit factory, it was a bakery. One time I grabbed a flashlight which was lying on the seat and said, "If I hit myself over the head with this, do you haveta hit yourself over the head with it?" Then I heard a woman across the street shriek at her husband: "George! He's going to strike that poor girl. Stop him!"

George told me out of the corner of his mouth that the last time he gave his wife a driving lesson she ran crossways over a celery farm.

My school of driving would also include several lessons under some such heading as: "An Introduction to a Study of Modern Woman in Relation the Internal Combustion Engine." husbands make the mistake of thinking that their wives are interested in how a car operates. Nothing could be farther from the truth. My wife is as interested in the principle of the gasoline engine

as I am in learning how to smock. I remember the first time I tried to explain things. I sat down with her at the kitchen table, lit a cigarette, and said: "You see, the gasoline is mixed with air to make a combustible vapor, then it's drawn into the cylinder and fired by a spark and the explosion drives the piston and turns a crank-

My wife looked at me, yawned, and said: "Don't you think it's time you got a haircut? You look like Mortimer Sperd.

A woman doesn't really want to learn how to She only wants to make use of the most rapid method devised so far for picking up seam binding, celery hearts and spools of No. 40 thread. About what goes on between calls she couldn't

Every now and then when I think my wife has a pretty clear picture of how a car operates she asks

me if there's enough gas in the battery.

I groan and say: "Look, you got any idea what I groan and say: makes a car go?

"The spark plugs, of course," she answers. I try to be patient. "The spark plugs just explode the gas in the cylinders. What are the cylinders? What drives the wheels around and

makes the car go along the highway? The things that work the starter." I hold my head. "How do they do that?"

They make the spark go round. "What do you think I meant the other day by all that stuff about connecting rods and the crank-

"Crankshaft? You told me yourself that cars don't have cranks any more!'

The irony of it is that even with this sort of knowledge a woman can still make a man look as if he doesn't know a gear shift from a glove compartment. My wife will approach an intersection, spring at a melee of streetcars, transports, baby carriages, old men and traffic cops like a starving lion after a hartebeest. If I moderately suggest caution she'll whip around at me and say: can I make the car go slow when I have all those things to do?" Perhaps she'll add, "How can I drive a car when the horn doesn't work

One time I yelled, "I could drive a car for 15 years without a horn." I immediately found myself in a position where I either used the horn or drove into a hydrant with a cop standing beside it.

The last and most important phase of the course would be a study of feminine psychology. Just because a woman is in a car doesn't mean that she



has stopped being a woman. Nothing changes a woman, including sitting behind six exploding cylinders. When a man says something like, "I told you yesterday what a carburetor is and it's not the thing you pour oil into" it sets up tremendous emotional vibrations. Two men can discuss a car without emotion. But a woman goes at a driving lesson the way she'd go to the wedding of a favorite niece.

Every definition I give of the car my wife regards as a slur on her character. The first time I

referred to the rear end she pulled up to the curb, yanked on the brake, folded her arms and said: "I won't be sworn at."

The whole business of teaching a woman to drive will soon be complicated by the frenzied way automobile manufacturers are trying to hypnotize the public with fancy language. I have visions of me sitting out on a country road yelling, "I told you yesterday that you don't touch the superhydraulic self-energizing hydro-cooled vapo release until you've let out the !!?*!?\$?! cushion-flow

automatic chemically sealed triple-action gear selection."

If the manufacturers are going to keep this up they should get busy now on inventing some gadget that a man can push and give himself a slow anaesthetic while his wife is learning to let the clutch out. In the meantime, the graduate of the kind of school I recommend will be presented with a diploma, on the back of which will be clearly printed the location of the nearest driving school where they teach women how to drive.

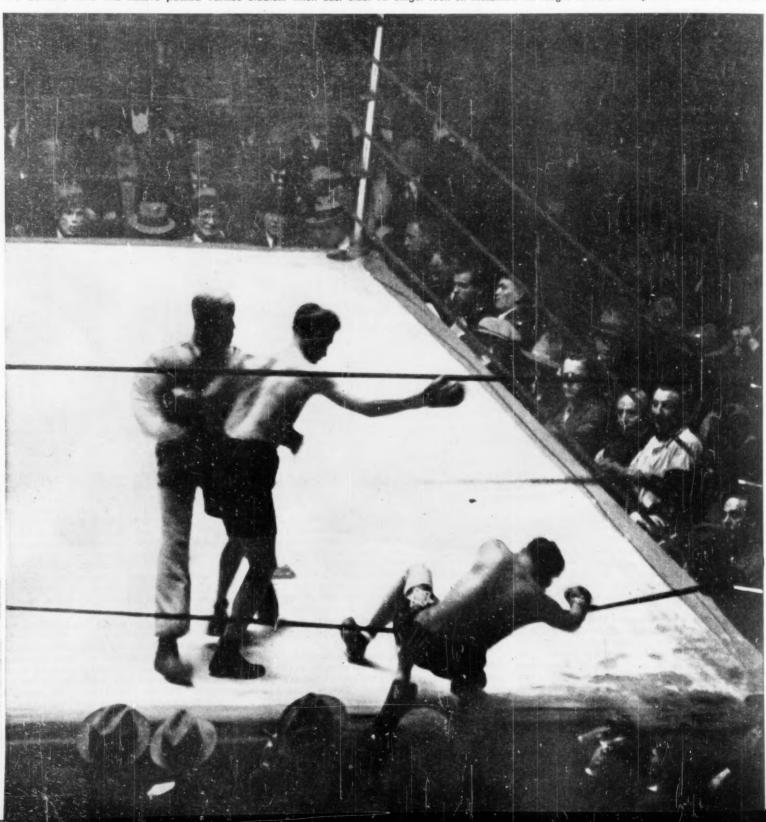
PART FOUR

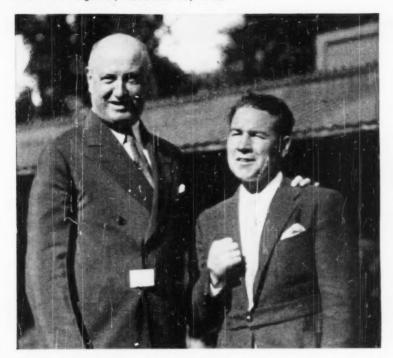
DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

After Pop Foster gave in and answered the phone young McLarnin went to New York — and he went big. The ex-newsboy from Vancouver fought 22 fights in nine years, but he ate lemon pie with a gangster only once

By Jimmy McLarnin as told to Ralph Allen

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS packed Yankee Stadium when East Sider Al Singer took on McLarnin. Al fought so hard Jimmy had to K.O. him twice.





IN THE BIG TIME Jimmy met the big names, like politician Jim Farley.



NEW YORK'S HERO still had to share headlines with a Jimmy named Walker,

OR NINE YEARS I went—as the saying goes among old fighters and actors—big in New York. For most of them I went real big in New York. Between the beginning of 1928 and the end of 1936 I had 22 fights there, most of them big fights, big-money fights and winning fights. I got more than my share of headlines, heard more than my share of cheers and met more than my share of people—many of them fine people.

When you're going big in New York, myths grow up around you and around your name. In my case they were nlessant friendly, completely unem-

only reason I'm taking m is that some of the s may have heard them earing the truth.

n which all the others derworld and half-world tity spent the best part to separate me and my our money or our honor, we half the stories they et and in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, hardly a day passed but I was urged to sell a fight, buy a gold brick or meet a blonde. As for Pop, he could scarcely turn round without somebody shoving a gun in his ribs and demanding that he go back to the sticks and leave somebody's mob to look after his fighter—or waving a sackful of thousand-dollar bills under his nose and suggesting that he arrange for me to take a quiet dive in the fifth.

I don't say things like this couldn't have happened. There are burglars in any business and I'm afraid the boxing business has always had its full quota. There are—or were in my day—too many gangsters mixed up in boxing and too many gamblers betting too much money on boxing for anyone in his right mind to believe that boxing could be entirely honest.

But I was never asked to throw a fight or offered a bribe, a threat or any other kind of inducement to throw a fight. Neither was Pop.

We were told twice by managers of other fighters that their fighters couldn't fight me unless I'd agree not to try to knock them out. Once, in our

early ,days in Oakland before Pop and I had a written contract and all we had to eat was the crabs we could net in San Francisco Bay, one of those strangely prosperous little men who hang around gyms told me that if I'd get rid of Pop he'd see that I got all the steaks and all the fights I could handle.

Another time, after things were going better for us, a "New York manager" wrote and urged me to quit wasting my time in the tall timber and come and get it where the getting was good. Of course, he added, I would have to place myself in the hands of somebody who knew the right people and had the necessary ins—meaning him.

None of these propositions got as far as the discussion stage. To the best of my knowledge they were the only propositions of a dishonest or doubtful nature that were ever put to either Pop or me.

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This wasn't entirely an accident. It was Pop's theory that nobody ever made a proposition without first finding somebody to listen to it—and Pop was a terrible listener. Even when we were going our biggest in New York, we spent as little time there as possible. We Continued on page 41



IEA KILKAKU IGUNCNEG JIMMY IN New York after Pop (right) said O.K.



JEAN HARLOW put a champ-size grin on Jimmy when he holidayed in L. A.

PART FOUR

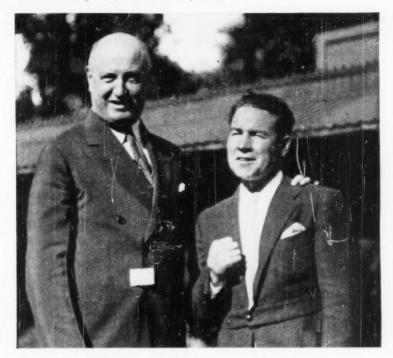
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When you're going big in New York, myths grow up around you and around your name. In my case they were pleasant, friendly, completely unembarrassing myths, and the only reason I'm taking the trouble to correct them is that some of the people who are reading this may have heard them and may be interested in hearing the truth.

The central myth, from which all the others sprang, is that the entire underworld and half-world of the world's second largest city spent the best part of those nine years trying to separate me and my manager, Pop Foster, from our money or our honor, or both. If you could believe half the stories they used to tell on 42nd Street and in the lobby of

00

2.00

Madison Square Garden, hardly a day passed but I was urged to sell a fight, buy a gold brick or meet a blonde. As for Pop, he could scarcely turn round without somebody shoving a gun in his ribs and demanding that he go back to the sticks and leave somebody's mob to look after his fighter—or waving a sackful of thousand-dollar bills under his nose and suggesting that he arrange for me to take a quiet dive in the fifth.

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TEX RICKARD launched Jimmy in New York after Pop (right) said O.K.



JEAN HARLOW put a champ-size grin on Jimmy when he holidayed in L. A.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



SIR WATTER BEARIE. Empire hailding was a sideline.

The Hanging Judge Was a Softy

Matthew Begine was the law in untamed British Columbia, this man who sang in the church choir and hanged murderers from the nearest tree. He was accused of graft, his life was threatened, but he binstered his way into the legends of a new land

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

A "OWER, we want stranger from Engine of Secure of Secure of the part of For Vertical on Secure of the feet of the test of the

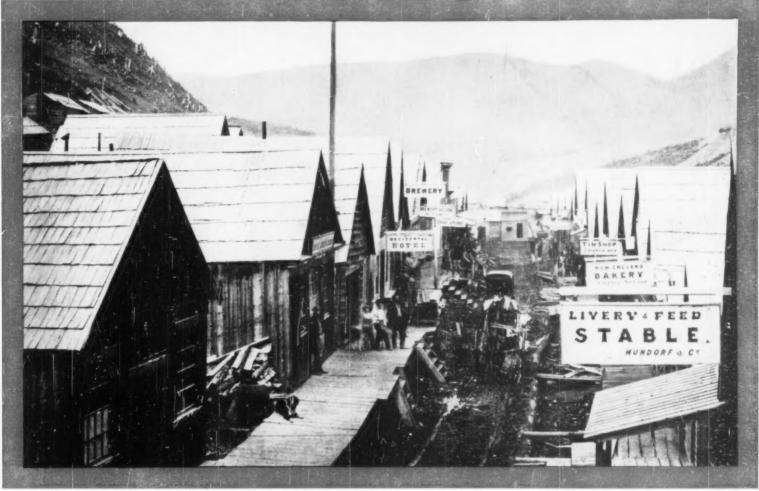
In this marring presents Covernor Douglaswith some series Scattled founds, beneal for the greenest our certainty the most marretime figure in the manury of Seriest Columnos, one of the maners of the future Compiled nation, the authorities sould of manufactural movie.

Marriev Baille Begins had lander in the Partic coast of Bernat Columbia, beregong with mm the law of Britain, very varue and moddled, in the best. He had arrived just in time.

Committed thousands of American miners were swarming must the constal county from California to more the guilt of the Friser Rover bars. If they forgot with the English program with the English program of the Desperate governor rad no military power to thebend the colory against the expansion trigger-langly movement called Maniest Destiny which had turbed the British out of fregun and was now observing the whole Pacing inturnal with an environs eye. Douglas only hope was to prevent whence from the start, coforce the law among the miners and avoid an international minimum the miners and avoid an international minimum.

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BARKERVILLE IN THE 60's came under Begbie's thumb. He would ride into town and hold court in a barn.

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The trails were hardly open in the spring of '59 when Begbie walked up the Fraser from Yale with his clerk, Thomas Bushby, and his "high sheriff," Charles Nicol. To his surprise, and doubtless to his secret disappointment, the new judge found the miners strangely peaceable. They were rocking the sand of the Fraser bars, taking out gold by the sackful and they seemed strangely uninterested in international politics. There were no murderers to be hanged from the nearest tree. It was not a promising start for a man who would be remembered in the legendry of the far West as the Hanging Judge.

With time on his hands Begbie inspected the mines, tramped the interior ranges, mapped the country, wrote Douglas enthusiastically about its future, advised him to open it with a road—the famous Cariboo Road which was rushed through three years later—and quickly came to regard himself as an empire builder.

He was all that. But the tight little Family Compact which surrounded Douglas at Victoria wanted no interference from the English upstart. The palace guard around Colonel R. C. Moody, the Chief Commissioner of Lands and commander of the Royal Engineers, called Begbie the "arch enemy." continually intrigued against him. But the judge was to outlast all his enemies, become himself the chief pillar of the oligarchy, shout down charges against his honesty, survive a final attempt to ruin him and outlive the compact.

Empire building was a sideline with Begbie. After one idle season he found more congenial work. As gold was discovered in the uplands of Cariboo and the second rush of miners headed overland from the Fraser to the creeks of Barkerville, killings, thefts and claim jumping kept the judge agreeably occupied.

Traveling with a string of 12 horses he would turn up anywhere, at the first sign of trouble, don his robes and wig and hold court in a settler's cabin, in a barn, or still mounted in an open field. He slept wherever night found him, often in a tent or without it, winter and summer.

Often he would scribble a court order while in the saddle. It might be questionable law, it was nearly always misspelled, but his writ ran through the Cariboo and he was seldom far behind it.





GOVERNOR DOUGLAS' Family Compact saw a threat in Begbie but he outlasted them all.

Now began the most extraordinary series of trials

ever held in British America.

At the report of a crime Begbie galloped to the scene, haled the prisoner before him and proceeded to act as prosecutor, defense counsel and judge. This kind of one-man litigation was rough, often technically wrong, but generally just. If the crime was serious the judge gathered in anyone who happened to be handy and impaneled a jury. Since most of the miners were Americans who had no right to act as jurors in British Columbia, the first trials were probably illegal, but a little point like that never worried Begbie.

He worked on the simple assumption that if a crime had been committed someone should suffer for it. Once he threatened to punish a man who had been found innocent and actually assumed that he had power to do so but, cooling off, let the prisoner go. The release of a man whom he believed guilty left the judge gibbering with rage. In his shrill nasal voice he continued to shriek at his juries as if they were the criminals.

There were no lawyers in the country. appeal from Begbie had to be taken to England, where no man could afford to go. The judge usually could get away with anything. There was one fatal drawback-as always in the history of British peoples the tyrant was impotent against that remarkable British invention, the jury system. Begbie could shriek and threaten but the jury often retorted with a verdict of "not guilty" to spite him, even if the prisoner's guilt had been proved to the hilt; or it would find that a murdered man had accidentally "fallen off a cliff" or "died of fever." On such occasions Begbie would blow his handsome top.

When, in a plain case of murder, a jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, the judge screeched from the bench: "Prisoner, it is far from a pleasant duty for me to have to Continued on page 34

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



SIR MATTHEW BEGBIE: Empire building was a sideline.

The Hanging Judge Was a Softy

Matthew Begbie was the law in untamed British Columbia, this man who sang in the church choir and hanged murderers from the nearest tree. He was accused of graft, his life was threatened, but he blustered his way into the legends of a new land

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

TOWERING young stranger from England stepped ashore at the gate of Fort Victoria on Nov. 16, 1858. His top hat was cocked rakishly on the side of his head. His dark mustaches were waxed to a fine point, his beard trimmed in a neat wedge. His look was handsome, proud and theatrical. Here was a self-confident Mephistopheles, straight out of "Faust."

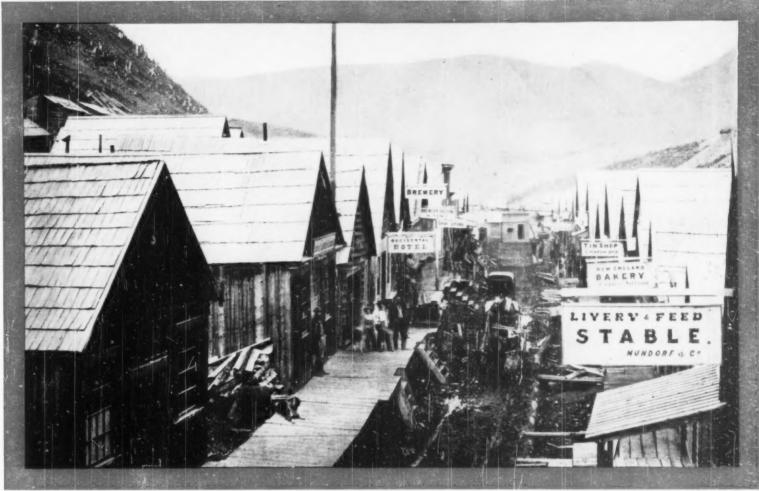
In this alarming presence Governor Douglas (with some secret Scottish doubts) beheld not the greatest but certainly the most incredible figure in the history of British Columbia, one of the makers of the future Canadian nation, the authentic stuff of national myth.

Matthew Baillie Begbie had landed on the Pacific coast of British Columbia, bringing with him the law of Britain, very vague and muddled, in his head. He had arrived just in time.

Uncounted thousands of American miners were swarming into the coastal colony from California to mine the gold of the Fraser River bars. If they fought with the Indians and appealed for aid to the U. S. Government Douglas foresaw an American push northward. The desperate governor had no military power to defend his colony against the expansive, trigger-happy movement called Manifest Destiny which had turfed the British out of Oregon and was now observing the whole Pacific littoral with an envious eye. Douglas' only hope was to prevent violence from the start, enforce the law among the miners and avoid an international incident.

Begbie's job, as the first judge west of the Rockies, was to enforce the law. He didn't understand it very well but, fortunately, in legal matters he had an inventive imagination. Already he had failed so hopelessly at the London bar that he was reduced to reporting the courts for the Law Times. At 39, with no prospects, he had jumped at the chance of a judgeship at £800 a year on the other side of the world. Anyway, his brother held just run off with his sweetheart and he was glad anget out of England.

It was not necessary that he know law The Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Bulwer-Latton, asked only that the new judge be a man who said "truss a murderer and hang him from the morest tree." Begbie was such a man and now else



BARKERVILLE IN THE 60's came under Begbie's thumb. He would ride into town and hold court in a barn.

H. MAYNARD

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When she was a kid in Arizona Helen Cleveland used to ride cow ponies 30 miles a day. Now she's penned in a broker's corral.

Her Shopping List's on Ticker Tape

Blazing trail through the male mysteries of high finance Helen Cleveland of Bay St. sells stocks and bonds to wives, widows and business girls. Her secret: She can turn window-shopping into a signature on the dotted line

By GERALD ANGLIN

HELEN WARFIELD CLEVELAND sells upward of a million dollars worth of stocks and bonds a year to women clients by calmly and reassuringly showing them a lighted path through the ticker-tape jungle in which men conduct the mysterious business of high finance.

Women with money to invest—widows, housewives, business girls—often reach her desk in Toronto's Wood, Gundy and Company miffed by the abrupt treatment their enquiries have received from male securities salesmen used to quick

The pleasant Miss Cleveland, who is a slim five-foot-six with pale blue eyes and light-brown hair, looking trim and efficient yet not too formidable in her neat blue suit, chats easily to smooth ruffled feathers, then simply explains the difference between bonds ("You're lending your money for a fixed rental") and stocks ("You're buying part ownership in a company to share in its profits

—or losses"). She warns bluntly that what goes up may come down, but points out that "good eggs are good eggs even if the price drops from 62 to 61 cents a dozen."

She gives commonsense advice like, "If you're a worrier stick to government issues." Above all she tries to make her clients read up on any company in which they are considering investing, then decide for themselves to buy or not to buy.

Her hundreds of customers show themselves more than grateful. One elderly woman, a new client asked hesitantly, "May I call you my broker? My friends are always talking about their brokers."

Some brokers on Bay Street, though fully aware of the important place held by women in the investment market (more than half the shareholders in, say, Bell Telephone, are women), see the situation from another angle.

"Women ask your advice, buy something else, then blame you when Continued on page 38

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Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

our nature short (not a cartoon) in which some skilled and patient cameramen and film editors Disney's fatherly eye have recorded the activities occurring in and around a pond in the Rockies.

COPPER CANYON: Another costly western in Technicolor, most of it Milland, however, contributes an ur-bane sketch of a trick-shot marksman who is also a lethal hand with the ladies. Hedy Lamarr is his major tar-

DESTINATION MOON: Camera wiz ardry of a high order helps to boost the entertainment quotient of this space-ship drama, although the human side of the story is thin and banal. The producers deserve praise for resisting the usual temptation to include at least one sweater-girl among the lunar crew.

I'LL GET BY: There is only one thing that distinguishes this Hollywood musical from most of the others and that's the frequently hilarious clowning of radio tenor Dennis Day as a shrewd boob from Texas, Also involved are William Lundigan, June Haver, Gloria DeHaven

KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE: blond gun-moll and a veddy, veddy retained millionairess take a lot of abuse from killer James Cagney before one of them finally chops him down A fair gangster thriller.

THE LAWLESS: A rattling good melodrama, a bit slow in spots about an unlucky Mexican boy who arouses the lynch-mob fury of the "white" residents of a California community, Macdonald Carey is a newspaper edi-tor who tries, unsuccessfully, to remain aloof from the violence.

MISTER 880: Edmund Gwenn is one of the year's most endearing character-izations as a benign old counterfeiter who prints only enough homemode currency to keep himself and his dog from starving. A pleasant and origina

MY BILLE HEAVEN: Betty Grable and An Dailey are less diverting than usual in this coy, folksy musical. They are television hoofers who keep on adopting babies because Miss G, doesn't think she can have any of her own, but one day she suddenly faints, etc. etc. On the film's credit side is a juicy debut by Mitzi Gaynor, a lass with beauty, charm and talent.

PANIC IN THE STREETS: named Walter Palance, with face like a skull and a voice like funeral-parlor usher, is only one of the exciting ingredients in a suspense drama directed by Elia Kazan It's about a desperate manhunt for three plague-carriers in New Orleans.

TREASURE ISLAND: Robert Louis Stevenson's deathless tale of pirates and buried doubloons has been turned into a pretty fair movie by a crew supervised by Walt Disney. It would have been even better if someone had coaxed Robert Newton (as Long John Silver) to go a bit easier with the eye-rolling and lip-gnawing.

Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and

murders. Excellent for adults.

Lady Wthout Passport: Drama, Poor,

GILMOUR RATES . . .

Abbott and Costello in Foreign Legion: Slapstick. Fair for children All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent. Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good. Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent. Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy, Tops. Big Hangover: Legal comedy. Fair, Big Lift: Berlin drama, Fair, Black Rose: Costumed drama, Poor, Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good. Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama, Fair, Broken Arrow: Frontier drama. Good. Chain Lightning: Air action, fair. Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy, Fair. Chiltern Hundreds: Comedy, Good, Cinderella: Disney fantasy, Excellent. City Lights (re-issue): Comedy, Tops. Comanche Territory, Western, Good Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Western show-business comedy. Good. Duchess of Idaho: Musical, Fair, Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good. Father Is a Bachelor: Comedy and bal-Father of the Bride: Comedy, Good The Fireball: Rooney drama, Fair, Francis: Military farce. Fair. Frightened City: Plague drama. Poor. The Furies: "Super"-western, Poor Glass Mountain: Opera drama. Fair. Golden Twenties: Historical. Good Great Jewel Robber: Crime. Fair. Gunfighter: Ironic western, Fair, Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good, House by the River: Drama, Poor, In a Lonely Place: Suspense, Fair, Intruder in the Dust: Drama, Good. Key to the City: Love comedy, Fair,

Lost Boundaries: Racial drama. Good. Louisa: "Gay grandma" comedy. Fair. Love Happy: Marx Bros. farce, Fair. Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy Morning Departure: Sea drama, Fair, My Friend Irma Goes West: Slapstick ranch musical, Fair, Mystery Street: Crime, Excellent. Night and the City: Crime drama, Good. Sad Songs for Me: Drama, Fair Our Very Own: Family drama, Fair, Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good. Reformer and Redhead: Comedy, Fair, Reluctani Widow: Spy drama, Poor, Riding High: Turf comedy, Good. Riding High: Turf comedy, Good, Rocketship XM: Space drama, Fair, Rocking Horse Winner: Tragedy, Fair, Shadow on the Wall: Suspense, Fair, Sheriff's Daughter: Western comedy. Good. (Also called a "Ticket to Tomohawk "1 Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy. Fair, Spy Hunt: Espionage, Fair. Stage Fright: Comic suspense, Good. Stars in My Crown: Old West, Fair.

Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair

Sunset Boulevard: Drama, Tops.

They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.

Third Man: Vienna drama, Good. Tight Little Island: Comedy, Tops.

The Titan: Art documentary. Tops.
Three Came Home: Drama. Good.
Three Little Words: Musical. Fair.

Twelve O'Clock High: Air war, Tops. Wabash Avenue: Musical, Fair. Wagonmaster: Western, Good.



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Here's a fine idea for your own card club. A lettuce own card club. A lettuce cup of fruit salad, small cup of fruit salad, small and whole wheat bread, and and whole wheat of golden triangular slices of golden Velveeta with the rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor.









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MADE BY KRAFT





One of the pioneers at Windrush, Lister Sinclair helped snare a Yellow Rail.

In the Editors' Confidence

LISTER SINCLAIR, whose article on Freud starts on page 8, has for-saken Toronto, which he once attacked in a CBC play, and has gone to live near Kleinburg, 26 miles northwest of the city. His home is one of a series of rambling, ultra-modern structures being built by writers, artists and movie people along the Humber River. The community, which was conceived and nurtured along cooperative lines, is called Windrush Project, the name being supplied by Sinclair himself on the spur of the moment.

The pastoral life suits Sinclair fine, especially as he has lately become a bird, insect and wildflower watcher. Last spring he helped to capture a Yellow Bail—a bird so difficult to snare that it has only been in captivity once before. 'Scores of ornithologists beat a path to Sinclair's birch-slab door to view the bird.

Sinclair was so anxious to get into the country that he moved into his place before the bathtub, kitchen sink, ceiling or inside walls were installed. This bothers Sinclair not at all. "We are using joists as a texture," he will say, cocking an eye at the unfinished ceiling and lapsing into the jargon of latter-day architecture.

A friend recently described the Sinclair habitat as "like living in a summer camp except that you can't go home." To Sinclair and wife, child and dog, this is the highest kind of praise.

• Dr. W. G. Hardy, who, if not the busiest man in Canada, is certainly the busiest professor, has found time to write another fiction story which appears on page 12. Hardy writes his short stories, several of which have appeared in Maclean's, on planes, trains, boats. He tells us he did "The Philistine" between two trips to Europe last summer. He makes notes on the backs of old envelopes, cigarette packages, serviettes, theatre programs or whatever is handy when an idea strikes him. Head of the department of classics at the University of Alberta, he is past president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, president of the International Hockey Association, and new president of the Canadian Authors' Association.

His chief hobby is archaeology, which perhaps explains why his three novels are set in classical times.

 Bruce Hutchison's Flashback on B.C.'s Hanging Judge Begbie on page 22 appears at the same time as his new book on the Fraser River, published by Clark Irwin. The book covers most of the colorful Begbie era.



WILLIAM WINTER'S young daughter Penny provided the artist with the idea for this cover. "These little tads like my daughter have pin-ups of Margot Fonteyn on their walls and they would rather dance than play at some game of their own," he tells us. "They can hardly wait until they are old enough—about 11 is the age—to get hard-toed slippers so they can dance sur les pointes." This painting was done from sketches made at Mildred Wikson's school, in Toronto.



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In ghastly procession the slaves carried the victims to the deep sinkhole.

THE KILLER IN THE CASTLE

By G. M. HAMILTON

O N A hilltop in the wild and lonely Pedro district of Jamaica, in the parish of St. Ann, there stands a desolate ruin. Despite its grandiose name of Edinburgh Castle, this fortress had only two small towers and one tiny room. It has such an evil reputation that for 176 years no one has lived in it, and now bushes grow through the floors and creepers are slowly pulling down the walls.

About 1768 it was the home of Lewis Hutchinson, registered as the owner of 24 slaves and 95 head of stock. He was a morose and mysterious man; he had no friends. Some say he was married but kept his wife in a separate establish-No one knew much about him and in those dangerous days when the planters were ready at any moment to defend themselves against attacks from pirates on the sea and rebellious slaves from the plantations, if a man seemed strange in his habits, or a district was thought to be unsafe, people did not interfere, but just let things alone and minded their own business.

And yet rumors began to be whispered around that those setting forth along the road which led past Edinburgh Castle were never seen again; that, though they might have died of fever or been murdered by runaway slaves it was strange that the Pedro district alone was gaining a reputation

for mysterious disappearances. But nothing was done and no one But nothing was done and no one realized that Lewis Hutchinson, a mad killer, waited patiently in his tower day after day and month after month, picking off every white traveler he saw passing along the road beneath his home. He never missed, so no one ever survived to tell. Immediately he had fired, his slaves rushed into the road and hurried back up the hill with the body, which they laid at their owner's

Hutchinson went over each body carefully. He took the watches, the rings and seals, and often the clothes as well, then at nightfall a ghoulish procession with the corpse on a plank wound down the hill and through the narrow gullies to a deep-sunk hole, known now as Hutchinson's Hole, or as Kenky Sink among the black folks. Here they put one end of the plank to the side of the pit and tipped up the other. Down shot the body, hitting the sides as it fell, while Hutchinson listened, with his head on one side and a pleased smile on his lips, to the bumps, the breaking of little branches and the final crash when it reached the bottom, more than 270 feet below. Then he turned with a satisfied sigh and climbed back to his castle to sleep like a baby until next dawn when the vigil recom-

One day as he sat waiting a white youth appeared round the bend, reeling as though drunk. He finally turned toward the castle's gateway, where he collapsed, looking up at the building on the hill and lifting his hands as though in entreaty. Hutchinson was intrigued. He put away his gun and went down the hill. He found the boy very sick, shaking with fever and hardly able to speak. All he could say was "Forgive me, sir, and help me, please . . . can go no farther

"Shooting Is My Hobby"

The slaves came and carried him back to the castle where Hutchinson nursed him carefully, giving him drugs and milk and fruit, keeping him quiet while the fever subsided and his strength slowly returned, and then helping him on easy walks around the hilltop and slow rides through the

valleys until he was quite well again. One day the boy said: "Never can I thank you for your kindness, sir. But for you I should have died. As you know, I am anxious to make money in this country. When I have a home established I trust you will do me the

pleasure of visiting me."
"Indeed, sir," said Hutchinson, "it indeed, sir, said rutemissit, it is I who am in your debt. My life is a lonely one. My wife suffers from an affliction of the heart, and she finds these hills try her beyond her strength, so she lives in the plains and I stay here by myself, since I am forced to watch over my estates and my people. My only hobby is shooting and, truly, game is so scarce in this country that it is not often I can even find something at which to fire."
"Indeed," said the young man, "I

did not know you enjoyed shooting. Still more must I blame myself for the vexation I have caused you, since you spent all your time with me and could not indulge in your favorite sport while I was encumbering your hospitable

"It is nothing," insisted Hutchinson, courteously waving his hand, shoot at any time, but the pleasure your company gave me was a rare joy."

Tomorrow, sir, I must continue my y. I shall consider myself further in your debt if you will put me on the road to Kingston, for I am, as you are aware, a stranger in these parts and I do not wish to get lost among

these lonely hills."

"I shall be truly sorry to see you go," said Hutchinson, "and I would ask you to do me a favor."

Sir, I beg you . . . you have but

to say . . ."
"Will you retrace your steps a little way down the road so that you may pass once more beneath the castle and ve can wave farewell to each other Put this whim down to the sentiment of an older and childless man, if you will; but this act of yours will give me much pleasure.

The young man was touched, pleased and also rather surprised at such a gesture from his dour-looking host. But, of course, he gladly consented.

Hutchinson was truly sorry to part with the young man, for he liked him He was handsome and engaging and, as so often happens, Hutchinson felt a certain tenderness for one whom he had nursed through a dangerous illnes

However, the guest was determined to go, so next day Hutchinson escorted him down the hill and set him on his way, giving him certain provisions for the journey. As they shook hands the boy tried once more to thank Hutchinson for his kindness and care, but he could not find the words to express his feelings, so he said nothing. Then he sat down to wait until his friend should have reached the castle. When he judged the time was right, he set forth along the road.

As the boy rounded the bend he halted, looked up and waved. Hutchinson sighted him nicely along the barrel and squeezed the trigger. Shot through the heart, the boy fell dead and the waiting slaves rushed to the road and brought his body back to their master.

Hatred for the Doctor

Hutchinson's eyes were alight with a mad gleam as he contemplated the corpse with great satisfaction. "Twas a neat shot," he thought, "though if he had not stopped to wave I would have said my shooting was better. However, I must be out of practice now, so per-haps 'twas just as well—for I must not ss-I must never, never miss." night another body went bumping down the sinkhole.

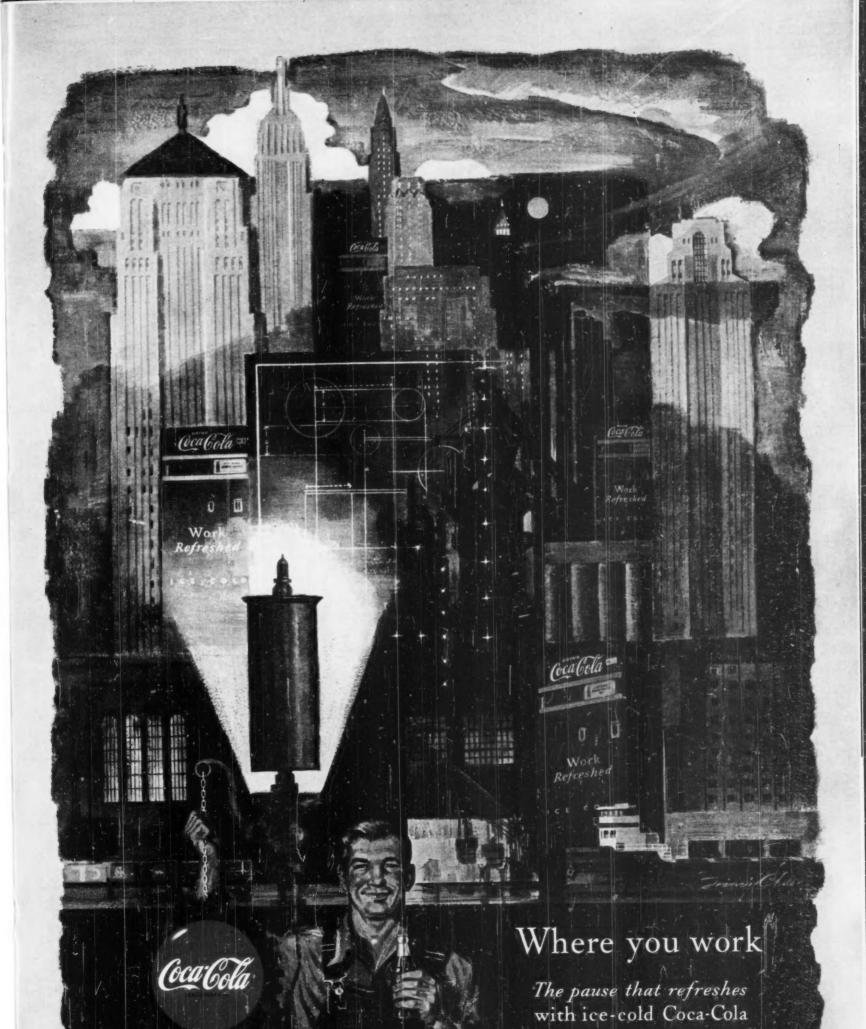
Hutchinson had no friends, but he had a neighbor, Jonathan Hutton, an English naval doctor, from Lincoln-shire, retired. He and his family divided their time between their two properties, the one in England, and Hutton Bonville or Bonneville Pen, Jamaica.

The two men loathed each other. Once they nearly came to blows over a boundary dispute. The doctor thought of Hutchinson with some contempt, regarding him as a mad man with an evil disposition but Hutchinson hated Hutton savagely and bitterly and wanted to kill him.

One evening he met the doctor riding home from Moneague, followed at some distance by a slave carrying his sabre and accourrements. Hutchinson managed to wrench the sword from the slave and said: "You can give my

Continued on page 33

One hundred men died at the bend in the road. But it took the Royal Navy to catch the mad murderer







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The Killer in the Castle

Continued from page 30

compliments to Dr. Hutton and tell him I have got his sabre." The doctor, with true naval dignity and British phlegm, rode on, ignoring him.

Some time later, hearing that Hutton was getting ready to go to England, Hutchinson made his own preparations Mrs. Hutton was away, but her eightyear-old daughter was still at the family place. On the day of the de-parture she rode with a slave on horse-back, followed by the doctor, mounted but unarmed, and many servants and slaves with their baggage.

Hutchinson was waiting for them around the bend. As the cavalcade appeared the mad man rode straight at the doctor and struck him a terrible blow on the head with his own sword. The slaves shrieked and ran, while poor little Mary burst into wild and terrified crying and her father lay bleeding and

crying and ner father fay bleeding and unconscious on the ground. Hutchinson and his slaves made off and gradually the doctor's people gathered round him, lifted him up and bore him and the sobbing child back to Bonneville. The doctor did not die, but he was unconscious for a long time and only several days later was he fit enough to get to Kingston and catch the boat to England.

At Clarendon his wife met him and Dr. Hutton reported Hutchinson's murderous attack. But he was too ill to stay and press the charge and he and his family sailed for England. The wound in his head healed but slowly he suffered great pain and finally had to endure a trepanning—without the benefit of anaesthetic—and had a silver plate fixed to his head.

He Had Them Scared

Meanwhile, Hutchinson continued his murdering unmolested. It was said later that more than 100 white men met their deaths at that bend in the road and nobody ever bothered to wonder about the slaves he may have shot, for slaves in those days did not

While Dr. Hutton was in England no one in Jamaica took any notice of his report on Hutchinson. Those were wild and lawless times, and as there was nobody in the island to bring a case with witnesses the authorities probably felt it was wiser to take the line of least resistance, and let sleeping dogs lie.

After a year's rest Dr. Hutton re turned, a suffering and angry man and one who had a naval training behind him to stiffen his resolution. He was determined to bring Hutchinson justice, yet he still could not get the very cautious officials responsible for the safety of the island to arrest him. The plain truth was that everyone was too frightened by this time to carry the warrant.

The doctor was ill and could not do the job himself, but at last he persuaded a white soldier named Callender

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to go. Callender, who must have been a brave but foolish man, boldly approached Hutchinson's eyrie and was instantly shot dead. All his companions fled and the killer dropping still another down the sinkhole, must have felt with satisfaction that he was as invulnerable and terrifying as a German robber baron on the Rhine.

The authorities, however, could not ignore the open killing of their soldiers: to shirk the issue any longer had be-come quite impossible. They sent a strong body of armed men to arrest Hutchinson. He heard they were coming, realized they were too many for him and that the end was near. He fled from his castle and took the road through the wild hills to the south, making for Old Harbor.

When he reached the sea he saw a fisherman in his boat sitting under a crane from which dangled a rope. The man was mending his gear. "Hey, man was mending his gear. "Hey, you," shouted Hutchinson, "how much to take me out fishing?

"It is too late to go fishing now," said the man. "You must come back at dawn.

"I have a fancy for the sea. I will give you some money if you will take

"I want half a gold piece if I am to go to sea again, when I have just returned."

You are a shark," said Hutchinson good-humoredly, "but it shall be as you say." He went along the wharf and dropped into the boat

Spanish Town Hanging

As the fisherman turned to fix the rudder Hutchinson leapt upon him and bore him down. He hit him on the head with his fist and knocked him unconscious. Quick as thought, the killer slipped the end of the dangling rope round his neck and hauled him aloft, strangling him. Then he took the oars and rowed out to sea, watching with pleasure the jerking, swinging figure of his latest victim. Perhaps he thought he might reach Cuba. The British Navy by now was taking

a hand in this strange manhunt. Acting under the orders of Admiral Rodney himself, George Turnbull, a naval officer, went out in a boat to where Hutchinson was rowing with all his might away from Jamaica into the vast spaces of the Caribbean Sea. He arrested him.

Hutchinson was taken to Spanish Town and tried. His slaves evidence said they had been appalled at the things he had made them do, but he terrorized them, and in their blindly obedient way they continued to do as he bade them. They told all they knew, including the story of the poor young invalid. But in those days the evidence of black men against white men was inadmissible.

It was the shooting of Callender which convicted Hutchinson. If he had allowed himself to be arrested quietly by the soldier, and stood his trial, he might even then have got off scot-free. But this deliberate murder, before witnesses, was something which nobody could deny. He was con-demned to death and hanged.

Braggart to the last, he left £100 for his tombstone, which was to be engraved thus:

ewis Hutchinson, hanged Spanish Town, Jamaica, on the sixteenth morning of March in the year of his Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three - aged forty years.

Their sentence, pride and malice I defy, Despite their power, and, like a

Roman, die.



When he first married he took out \$4,000 Life Insurance -but then Smith put the Policy safely in the vault and forgot it. He became very busy getting on in life.



Then the children came along, entirely dependent upon him;

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broad pleased smile. (There he is, at the bottom of the page.) You'll find the happy Heinz chef near the Soup Department in most good stores, marking the spot where Heinz Condensed Soups are stocked. There are 18 delicious varieties. If you find some of your favourites missing, bring it to your grocer's attention.

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The Hanging Judge

Continued from page 23

sentence you only to imprisonment for life. Your crime was unmitigated, diabolical murder. You deserve to be hanged! Had the jury performed their duty I might have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death, and you, gentlemen of the jury, are a pack of horse thieves, and permit me to say it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for declaring a murderer guilty only of manslaughter." This was the kind of oratory that the minders could understand and they would come from miles around to hear it.

Another jury brought in a verdict of innocence against a man who, as the evidence showed, had sandbagged a companion in a Victoria barroom brawl. Looking out coldly from under his massive wig Begbie snarled his most famous dictum: "Prisoner at the bar, the jury have said you are not guilty. You can go, and I devoutly hope the next man you sandbag will be one of the

jury."

Begbie's was a crude and gaudy justice but the miners knew by now that it was usually fair and they feared it. They began to call Begbie the Hanging Judge and he never lived down that name in British Columbia.

It was a false name. Under all his bluster Begbie was a quivering sentimentalist. When he had to pass the death sentence he was so shaken that he kept a chaplain by his side to support him at the awful moment. Often he secretly advised Douglas to commute the sentence to life imprisonment.

In the case of an Indian named Quahook he wrote to the governor: "The Indian & the murdered man had been getting drunk together; and in this there was some misunderstanding about a female. I am quite aware that if 2 men engage in a burglary or any other crime & kill the other, even by accident, it is murder! but surely, when it is the seducer and the far more guilty party (as to the original crime) who is killed it wod not be irrational to modify the punishment of the murderer."

Concerning another Indian who had been long held in the Lytton jail Begbie advised Douglas: "I am not at all convinced that his execution is necessary, although I am sure it wod have been just, but after so long reprieve I cannot but think that the sentence ought to be commuted to penal servitude for a term of years. It is scarcely right to keep a poor fellow on the tenterhooks for so long & hang him at last."

Begbie's methods achieved precisely the result that Bulwer-Lytton and Douglas wanted—the rule of law, a friendly, firm hand on the Americans, the steady enforcement of British ways against the northward pressure of Manifest Destiny.

Between the Rockies and the sea

Between the Rockies and the sea one hard-riding, hotheaded and ignorant man—the government and justice in the same saddle—directed the police, managed the local magistrates, settled all disputes of miners, settlers and townsfolk and, singlehanded, established the law-abiding habits which, more than anything else, were to distinguish the future Canadian nation in America.

He did not introduce the law. He was the law over the whole sprawling terrain of British Columbia. And in a colony where nearly half the population saw no hope except in union with the States, Begbie, perhaps even more than the abler Douglas, organized a native society which could resist this southward pull and finally consign its

future to Canada. Douglas at Victoria was governing a British colony. Begbie, in the interior—though he was the last to guess or, probably, to wish it—was laying the foundations of a Canadian province.

Up to now it had been easy for the judge. He could make up the law as he pleased to suit the occasion. There was no one to question him. As towns sprang up along the river, as miners, homesteaders and storekeepers acquired property, they became annoyingly litigious and in civil cases Begbie was helplessly at sea. Worse, lawyers who knew the law had settled in the colony and Begbie could not shout them down.

For months he refused to allow George Walkem to practice before him because Walkem was merely a lawyer from Canada and not "a Gentleman from England." Having set himself up as a chancery court to deal with estate litigation in the existing English fashion, Begbie once reversed a decision he had rendered already in his own supreme court.

A Pot for the Plotters

In civil cases, where a jury determined only facts, Begbie, like a modern judge, could set aside its findings and often did. But he could not get away much longer with his abuse of lawyers and litigants. For now that pestiferous growth called democracy was sprouting along the river, with scant respect for English Gentlemen.

After one of Begbie's more perverse decisions 500 miners held a mass meeting beside the Richfield courthouse to resolve that "the administration of the mining laws by Mr. Justice Begbie is partial, dictatorial and arbitrary in setting aside the verdict of juries," and that the judge should be removed or an appeal court established above him.

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Begbie rode off with his little retinue, taking no notice of such protests. He was used to criticism and, lately, to threats against his life. One day, sunning himself on the upper balcony of the Clinton Hotel, he heard some men on the street below plotting to shoot him. He went to his room, fetched out the chamber pot, emptied its contents on the heads of the conspirators and resumed his siesta.

So far he had feared no man and carried his honor high. When at last his honor was openly impeached Begbie knew fear for the first and last time in his life.

A Voice From the Dungeon

On November 26, 1862, New Westminster's paper, the British Columbian, published a letter signed "A," accusing Begbie of taking a bribe from a man who wanted a questionable homestead approved by the court. For months Begbie had borne in silence the criticism of the paper's angry editor, John Robson, chief enemy of the Family Compact and a future premier of British Columbia. Now the judge had the editor where he wanted him—in outright contempt of court.

Begbie summoned Robson before him in New Westminster and demanded an unreserved apology. Though he conducted the case in his usual highhanded style the judge obviously was worried. He denied "A's" charge in laborious detail. He said he had acquired 20 acres of land west of Barkerville for a house in which he intended to recuperate from rheumatism. He had paid for the land at 10 shillings an acre and, quite properly, had approved the settler's pre-emption

of the remaining portion.

Robson listened, unmoved. A grim man, with the face of an eagle and a

gift of flamboyant invective, he hated Begbie and the whole Victoria oli-garchy of which Begbie was now the chief pillar. In his fight for responsible government Robson could strike at his nemies through the ruin of the judge. Granted a day to think it over, the editor refused to apologize and Begbie ordered him locked up.

Martyrdom was just what Robson sought. The cheers of the crowd at the courtroom door assured him that his cause was popular. While 500 people held a mass meeting to denounce Begbie as the "Tyrant Judge" and petition the British Government for his dismissal Robson sat down to write the most celebrated editorial ever printed in British Columbia. It was headed "A Voice from the Dungeon!" and began:

Fellow colonists! We greet you from our dungeon. Startled by the wild shrieks of a dying maniac on one hand, and the clanking of the murderer's chains on the other, while the foul and scant atmosphere while the foul and scant atmosphere of our cell, loaded with noxious effluvia from the filthy dens occupied by lunatics, renders life almost intolerable, our readers will overlook any incoherency or want of connected thoughts in our writing. . . . The Press of British Columbia is virtually enslaved. . . Accept—all of you—our deep feelings of grateful emotion and, having truth and liberty inscribed on your banner, Heaven will smile upon your path and crown with glorious success your war against oppression and against oppression and

Brave words, but Robson soon tired of martyrdom and asked to be taken before the court again. The judge was glad enough to hear him. Robson's apology was not quite complete but it was good enough to vindicate the judge and extricate the government from a

threatening clash with democracy.

When released from jail Robson published "A Voice from the Dungeon" on his front page. It was a little late. but too fine a piece of prose to waste. On page three appeared a brief note of

Liberated. Since writing the article on our first page we have been dis-charged from custody. Further particulars in our next.

The adventure of Robson in his dungeon has a look of comic opera now So has Mackenzie's Rebellion of 1837 in another part of Canada. Both were part of the same pattern, the blundering irrepressible struggle of Canadians for the right to manage their own

From his dungeon Robson had dealt deadly blow at the Family Compact through its most distinguished lieuten-Though his accusation was small a matter of 20 acres of land, he had left around Begbie's name a cloud suspicion and doubt which has lasted to this day. Wherever old-time British Columbia lawyers forgather the argument is likely to arise again. One of the province's leading judges told the writer that Begbie unquestionably was guilty. A modern investigator, Sydney Pettit, history professor at Victoria College, in his definitive work on Begbie, finds that "on the whole it seems that the evidence for him is stronger than that brought against him. there is a certain residue of uncertainty."

For years after the dungeon incident the British Columbian continued to publish more evidence on Begbie's land deal while other writers vindicated the judge with much frantic journalism. Finally the settler involved in the dispute, a man named Dud Moreland, said he had given Begbie the land for nothing-a flat repudiation of the judge, who did not answer.

By that time he had no need to answer. British Columbia had entered Confederation and Begbie, as chief justice, enforced the law of Canada. He had been knighted. His black whiskers were white now and the Mephistopheles of the 60s had turned into a genial prophet. He was already, in his own lifetime, British Columbia's great folk figure, the man on horseback who had carried justice from the sea to the mountains.

A few old men still remember him striding about Victoria, a pack of spaniels at his heels. His ghost rides the Cariboo Road and haunts the washed-out gold creeks. A few years ago you might have seen a clumsy chair carefully preserved by an oldtimer of Clinton—Begbie had once used it at a trial. A miner of the rush of '62, one of the original Argonauts, 62, one of the original Argonauts, once told me—standing beside the old diggings of Lightning Creek—that "Begbie, by God, was the biggest man, the smartest man, the best-looking man, the damndest man that ever came over the Cariboo Road."

Begbie may not have been made for true greatness (though his achievement was great enough) but he was made to endure. He will endure until the history of British Columbia is forgotten.

Some Claret For the Clergy

Having established his legend Begbie lived long enough to enjoy it. In Victoria he built a rambling house with a spacious garden at the edge of town, on what is now Cook Street. He shot ducks out of season on the Fair-field marshes nearby. He gave weekly tennis parties in the summer, Chinese servants tving ripe cherries on the bushes so that the players could pick them conveniently. Every Saturday night he entertained the clergy at dinner, they debating theology until 9 o'clock. Then the parsons were dismissed and the bloods of the town

arrived to play poker until dawn.
On Sunday mornings Sir Matthew sang in the choir of the Church of England in his high, obnoxious voice and at noon he invariably burst into the house of Peter O'Reilly with his spaniels, greeted his hosts in the Indian tongue of Cariboo and sat down to

consume a huge rice pudding.

In the spring of '94 the clergy and the town bloods were no longer invited to the big house on Cook Street. Sir Matthew had learned he was dying. His death was long and painful for he would take no drugs "lest they dull my mind." Every night O'Reilly sat with him, talking of the better days of Cariboo, but on June 10 Sir Matthey said to his friend: "You must leave me alone tonight, O'Reilly. I must make my cases with Cod." By mening he was tonight, O'Reilly. I must make my peace with God." By morning he was

The Hanging Judge, it turned out, was not the man that British Columbia imagined. The real man was revealed in his will. His fortune—so small as to destroy any charge of peculation-was left to a group of poor unknown men and women whom he had been secretly supporting for years. To each of the clergy he left \$100 and a case of claret or sauterne "at their choice" and to Mrs. Crease and Mrs. Drake "a dozen potted plants and a dozen roses at their choice

And the Tyrant Judge, the blusterer of the courtroom, the terror of the mining camps, the dandy of drawing-rooms, ordered that only \$200 should be spent on his funeral, that no one must send flowers, that his grave should be marked by a wooden cross bearing only the inscription: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." ★



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What You Don't Know About Glaciers

Continued from page 17

ahead. The centre of civilization will shift north away from the scorched United States and the nations of Mediterranean Europe. The ice lying around today on the earth, and slowly losing out, is the equivalent of about 4,300,000 cubic miles of water. When some or most of that joins the oceans their level will rise anywhere up to 164 feet, which is apt to dampen the glory of most of today's great seaports, and lower the price of Manhattan real estate.

The mere fact that glaciers have been retreating is no guarantee, though, that they'll keep on doing so. The four major advances of the ice during the 600,000-year Ice Age (out of which we began to emerge finally only 25,000 or 30,000 years ago) didn't occur with any regularity. Some geologists therefore refuse to speculate on how long this warming-up phase will continue.

Not a Frozen River

Some even gloomily predict that after 20,000 years or so a new Ice Age will descend. They say that by 50,000 A.D. a new ice sheet, like the great ones of the dim past, will have completely erased Canada and most of the United States. London, Stockholm and Leningrad will all be covered. You'll need long red underwear at the equator.

So the yearly "retreat of the glaciers" is not a matter of interest only to the makers of skiing equipment. By the way, glaciers don't really move back—they continually advance, flowing downward like water (on level places some are stagnant). But some of the ice evaporates and some melts and runs off. Consequently, when the total loss exceeds the downward flow the glacier shrinks, or seems to be backing up.

up.

There are a lot more misconceptions about glaciers. Most people seem to imagine a glacier is a frozen river (it isn't); that it is as slippery as glass (it's more like sandpaper); and that it is always a band of ice stretching down the slope of a mountain (that's not the predominant type).

The truth is that glaciers are rivers of ice—but not frozen rivers. They start out in life not as water, but as snow. Snow falling on high plains or on mountains is trapped by the irregular shape of the land. Eventually in these deep areas, or cirques, the snow forms a great lake of frozen matter. The weight, plus various thawings and refreezings, begins to mash the snow down into an intermediate granular kind of ice called névé, and finally into true glacial ice which is as solid and clear as the kind you put in a highball.

When the ice overflows the cirque, or when it has formed on a high plain in the first place, the pull of gravity and the expansive force of the refreezings start it moving downward. Like water it seeks valleys to travel in. Like water it flows—around corners, over humps, through channels.

A thick flat sheet of humped ice in the cirque, or lying across hills and plains, is called an ice cap. When it overflows and sends a stream of ice down a valley it becomes a valley glacier. At the base of the valley where the ice spreads out on a plain it is called a Piedmont glacier. A Swedish scientist goes on to subdivide glaciers into another nine classifications, but we'll stick to the basic three.

Most of the earth's glacial ice is in ice caps, but most people know only the valley or Piedmont types because they're more fun for climbers and skiers (valley glaciers are often snow covered).

Today glaciers cover nearly 6 million square miles of the earth—that's about 10% of the land surface. Baffin Island alone has 12,000 square miles of ice; 55,000 square miles of the Canadian Arctic archipelago lie beneath ice. Eighty-five per cent of Greenland is covered by an ice cap 1,570 miles long, 600 miles wide, and up to 3,000 feet deep.

Valley glaciers have always appealed to man. They are great ribbonlike affairs, winding through the mountains. Petermann Glacier, in Greenland, is 15 miles wide and 60 miles long, and Waltorshausen, also in Greenland, is 75 miles long. There are dozens of unnamed Alaskan and Canadian glaciers hundreds of miles in extent.

Valley glaciers can be menacing things. Some move so slowly that they cannot be seen to move at all—perhaps an inch a day. But in southern Alaska some fleet-footed glaciers have been clocked at 70 feet a day. Upernivik Glacier, in Greenland, holds the unofficial championship at a brisk 125 feet in one day.

The more rapid glaciers can actually be felt to move, and Tyndall Glacier, on Mount St. Elias, continually startled the members of the 1946 Harvard expedition to Alaska by lurching jerkily. The movements are often accompanied by deep grumblings and growlings which the Indians quite reasonably ascribed to spirits. It took white men to find out that it was only ice that growled—but then the Indians were smart enough not to risk their necks.

The legend about how the Grand Pacific glacier tried to annihilate an Alaskan Indian tribe early last century still crops up. Month after month the glacier crept down on their valley home, and even the summer failed to halt it. The Indians moved several times, but the ice slowly pursued them. Finally they fled across Glacier Bay and established a new home on a small island. But the ice crept out across the water (like the "shelf ice" of the Antarctic) and, before it was through, scrubbed the island clean. The Indians once again had to take to their canoes.

Hottest Thing in the Arctic

In 1899 there was an earthquake at Yakutat Bay, on the Gulf of Alaska. In 1906 many glaciers in the vicinity began to spurt ahead with amazing vigor, one of them growing nearly two miles in less than a year. The answer, apparently, was that snow had avalanched down into the glacial sources far above in the mountains and it had taken seven years for the flash flood of ice to come ripping down the mountainside.

Far more unnerving than the motion of a frisky glacier are the great cracks or crevasses in the ice. These fissures are often 10, 20, or 50 feet across; down inside are gleaming, blue-veined walls of solid ice stretching into darkness. Sometimes the fissures are covered by bridges of snow.

Maynard Miller, a member of the Harvard expedition on Mount St. Elias, took off his safety rope at 13,000 feet on a level part of a glacier to snap some pictures. Suddenly he felt the world open up under him as he stepped through some soft snow. He spread his arms and stopped abruptly, spreadeagled across a crevasse only a few feet wide. When, later, he was able to take a calm look downward he could see no bottom to the crack.

In 1948 a joint Canadian and Ameri-

In 1948 a joint Canadian and American expedition to Juneau and Seward ice fields actually lowered men into crevasses and learned a few odd things. In the first place, they never found a crevasse deeper than 100 feet—although at the bottom of several was a deepblue pool of water whose depth might be anything.

For another thing, they didn't record a temperature below 32 degrees inside a glacier. So the great streams of ice are by far the warmest things around in the Arctic

A Roof Got Burned

Even more surprising is the fact that you can get a fierce sunburn way up in the Rockies. Thermometers exposed to the sun in a sheltered place on the ice will read as high as 85 degrees, even above 10,000 feet where the air is bitter cold. Direct radiation is the answer to this puzzle.

A woman on a recent mountain expedition sprawled out on a tarpaulin and grabbed half an hour's sunbathing with her sleeves and trousers rolled up. She nearly had to be sent back with a bad set of blisters. A photographer on another expedition ran around on the snow one day taking pictures and got winded. He breathed with his mouth open as he worked for the next half hour and that night found that the snow, reflecting the rays of the sun, had badly burned the roof of his mouth.

Honeymoon With Crampons

The surface of a glacier, far from being slick like home-grown ice, is usually encrusted with all sorts of pebbles, sand, rocks, and other matter when it isn't freshly snow covered. It is seldom slippery. But when the climber does encounter a patch of glare ice he must rely on crampons and an ice axe. Crampons are sets of steel frames bristling with spikes; they are buckled on the bottom of the boots. Progress is made by digging in one foot, jabbing the axe into the ice, advancing the next foot and jamming it in, then pushing one's body upward. If once you slip on glare ice—without well-anchored rope mates—you don't stop until the end of the line.

But glacier fans are a hardy lot. One

But glacier fans are a hardy lot. One of them, Bradford Washburn, of the New England Museum of Natural History, was married in 1940. For a honeymoon he hauled his bride—a novice at climbing—up on a glacier climb of hazardous Mount Bertha in Alaska.

You can see glaciers firsthand without being a climber. The Banff-Jasper Highway in Alberta and the Big Bend Highway in British Columbia pass near enough to many great Canadian glaciers to give you quite an eyeful. The route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, climbing the Continental Divide through Kicking Horse Pass and then down to Golden, passes within view of almost every type of glacier. And if you've ever been near Lake Louise, Lake O'Hara, Emerald Lake, any of the Great Lakes, you've seen the biggest product of the great Ice Age.

As the ice sheet over North America melted much of the water was trapped in basins which became lakes. The Great Lakes were formed this way and were much bigger originally, perhaps twice as big. But as the ice sheet melted its colossal weight decreased and the land, which had been literally bent down, began to rise, spilling much of the trapped water. There was once a lake, known to geologists as Lake Agassiz, which ran from Minnesota and North Dakota clear up into Manitoba, covering much more area than all the present-day Great Lakes combined.



It's fun to plan—and it pays to plan—whether you're building a new home or remodelling the old. A little thought now can mean much in home comfort and convenience later. Here are a few suggestions you may find helpful in bathroom planning. Ask your plumbing and heating contractor about these and similar ideas for possible adaptation to your particular plans.

POWDER ROOM-A powder room or downstairs lavatory is most desirable in any home of more than one story. Its advantages are obvious. You'll want to consider it for the new home. In the old, consider it for the new home. In the old, perhaps there is a storage closet or some waste space under the stairway that can be turned into a really charming and practical powder room. Main things to remember are to allow adequate standing space between fixtures and to place them so they don't interfere with opening the door.



LAYOUTS—Whether the bathroom is large or small, the first step in planning is to decide upon the layout which will give the most practical and convenient arrangement of fixrangement of tures within the space available. Several basic bathroom layouts are shown in the Crane booklet "Planning your Bathroom and

Kitchen." Each one, of course, allows plenty of scope for individual ideas. You can obtain a copy from your plumbing and heating contractor or by writing direct to Crane General Office or the Crane branch nearest you.

SPLASH—When considering material for covering walls and floors, you'll want to make sure, of course, that it is waterproof and easy to clean. Your painter or decorator's supply man can give you helpful information here. Attractive, waterproof, wallangers, are give you helpful information here. Attractive waterproof wallpapers are available. You can use plaster with a special water-resistant finish. There are many types of waterproof tile and wallboard, designed especially for bathrooms. Then there is glass-clear crystal, mirror backed or opaque. And, of course, paint and enamel offer a host of color possibilities. For the floor you can use linoleum or one of many types of tile, all available in a variety of patterns and colors.

HOT WATER—When planning the

patterns and colors.

HOT WATER—When planning the
bathroom you'll want to have in mind
also how best you can assure yourself
an ample supply of hot water. Here
again your plumbing and heating contractor can advise you on the selection
of the appropriate domestic hot water
heating equipment. heating equipment

SPOUTS, ETC.-Ask him, too, about

the advantages of such modern fixtures the advantages of such modern fixtures as "The Mixing Spout Faucet", which provides the wash basin with one spout for both hot and cold supply, assuring tempered water delivery; "The Deviator Spout for Showers", the most satisfactory way of directing water at desired temperature through the shower, with no chance of a surprise dousing; the new "Thermostatic Valve" which controls the temperature of the tub's water supply: prevents it reaching the scaldsupply; prevents it reaching the scalding point; the new "Dial-Ese" finger-tip-control faucets that close with the

water pressure.
ACCESSORIES—Among the little things that make any bathroom smarter



are the modern, gleaming chrom-ium towel racks, tumbler holders, grab rails, soap containers and similar Gerity-ware accessories, designed in "Life-

designed in "Life-time Chrome". They blend with any color scheme and retain their finish through the years. And speaking of color, remember that Crane bathtubs, wash basins and toilets are now avail-able in eight charming and harmonizing colors as well as white. CARE—The durable, glass-like sur-

faces and rounded corners of Crane bathroom fixtures are as easily cleaned as your best table china. In cleaning them, don't use anything of an abrasive or scouring nature. You don't have to. The "high water mark" in the bathtub is nothing more than grease. Hot water and soap, or one of the many popular detergents, will effectively remove it. And, of course, avoid banging anything against an enamelled surface. If filling a And, of course, avoid banging anything against an enamelled surface. If filling a pail in the bath, hold it clear of the side; don't set it down unless on a pad. In short, if plumbing fixtures are protected from harsh abrasives and hard knocks, their glossy surfaces will last indefinitely.



WHETHER for a modern powder room, with all the extra convenience it means to family and guests-or for the main bathroom, "the home's health and beauty center"-the complete Crane line of plumbing fixtures offers the right style for every taste, the right price for every purse.

Crane bathtubs, toilets and wash basins

have a gleaming beauty that endures, are quickly, easily cleaned, assure lasting dependability in use.

Ask your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor about the value of a complete Crane installation which includes all the fixtures and fittings that are seen-and all the unseen valves and piping that serve them.

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*From Saint John, N.B.

From Quebec

EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

FIRST CLASS
\$271 up

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TOURIST
\$172 up

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Famous Canadian Pacific service is also yours on the passenger-carrying freighters, Beaverford and Beaverburn. Sailings approximately twice monthly. Dates on request. First Class \$242.

Assistance with passports and full information from your own travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

Canadian Pacific

Her Shopping List's on Ticker Tape

Continued from page 24

the stock goes down," complains one.
"You waste an hour on a dame
before you discover she's just looking,
thanks," moans another.

"Women naturally don't have the same chance as men to learn about business matters and they deserve special consideration," explains a senior salesman. Then he confesses hastily, "Myself, I avoid 'em!"

"Myself, I avoid em:

Thus it took almost a pioneer's courage for Wood, Gundy to launch a women's department back in 1927. Helen Cleveland observes candidly today, "I think Mr. Wood and Mr. Gundy considered women clients a nuisance and were happy to shove them off on me."

But the partners were probably also shrewd enough to realize that women were becoming a more and more valuable nuisance in the securities market and deserving of special attention. Because women outlive men by an average five years, and because most wives are younger than their husbands in the first place, the natural process of death and inheritance tends to funnel stocks and bonds into feminine hands.

A recent study of 15 large American firms showed that among individual shareholders women outnumbered men four to three.

Moreover, by 1927 the career woman had already established herself in business and the years since have seen more and more women earning their own money to buy their own bed, board, stocks and bonds. As just one indication, women today sign for a quarter of all life insurance written in the U. S. and a fifth of that sold in Canada. Men still buy more securities than women and male executives control the buying of the big insurance and trust companies which gobble up new issues in million-dollar lots.

But even if Wood and Gundy were primarily interested in freeing themselves to stalk bigger game they made no mistake when they turned the women over to Helen Cleveland. For, in addition to selling them stocks and bonds, she has made a lifetime crusade of educating women in the sacred male dominion of high finance. Her educational efforts were climaxed last year by a series of lectures for women sponsored, at first rather hesitantly, by her firm.

The lectures filled Toronto's 450-seat Museum Theatre five times. Three Wood, Gundy experts gave talks at each session, after which Miss Cleveland summed things up. Every member of the audience carried home a balance sheet listing a housewife's financial status in such terms as fixed assets (house, car, furniture), current liabilities (telephone, light, doctors' bills) and funded debt (mortgage on house).

The show later went on tour with performances in Montreal, Ottawa, Galt, Sarnia, Kitchener, Hamilton and Oshawa, while the firm's branch offices in Winnipeg and Vancouver staged similar lectures with local talent.

Bay Street's Miss Cleveland is also well known for her accomplishment in other sectors. Some years back Zonta, a U. S. women's service club, decided to organize a branch on foreign soil and Helen Cleveland was elected first president of the Toronto Club. Almost before Zonta knew what was hapening to it the new Canadian recruit was off on a self-inspired whirlwind tour to spread the gospel throughout European capitals—an air tour, although that was in 1929 when air liners still flew with their wheels down.

Next year she became Zonta's first international president and today she remains one of the most active of the 7,000 members of all Zonta's 200 clubs.

During World War II Miss Cleveland was often loaned by her firm to the Victory Loan Speakers' Bureau and spent so many hours on the phone arranging rallies all over Ontario that her left ear developed its own dial tone. Even today she still has sometimes to switch the phone earpiece over to her right ear when buy-and-sell orders come flooding in from her clients. She handles as many as 40 such orders a

day.

In her normal working day she also handles a steady stream of enquiries from past or potential clients, many of whom queue up in the waiting room to see her exclusively. She must also read an unending flow of business summaries, annual reports and financial journals, and keep a running check on the cross-indexed holdings of her extensive clientele, which are stacked high on her desk in loose-leaf notebooks. These chores overflow into a good many

of the evenings she doesn't devote to Zonta, the Health League of Canada, or the Second Mile Club, the last an organization which operates a community centre for Toronto oldsters. In spite of all this Helen Cleveland

In spite of all this Helen Cleveland manages to enjoy to the full the kind of life made possible by \$8,000 to \$10,000 per year, her earnings being hitched directly to her sales. She pays about \$120 a month for a furnished three-room suite in a flossy apartment house on St. Clair Avenue West. She drives about 20,000 miles a year and hops off on week-end air trips to New York, Washington, Montreal or Chicago. She has friends all over the continent whom she visits on vacation trips to Florida or California. When on holiday she can't resist visiting ranches where she can wear dungarees and get back on a cow pony such as she used to ride in the unfettered years before she was 12 on the rangelands around Prescott, Ariz.

The professional career, extracurricular interests and past history of this Continued on page 40



Twenty Questions — Animal

A Maclean's Quiz by GERARD MOSLER

ANIMALS are always writing to our Mailbag asking why humans act the way they do. But those animals are plenty queer themselves. Just so you can hold your own here are 20 questions based on facts about animals most quoted and most confused by the two-legged public. Answer "true" or "false"; get 15 right and even the wise old owl will respect you.

Answers on page 41

- 1. Elephants are afraid of mice.
- Giraffes sleep standing up.
- 3. Birds have ears,
- 4. Monkeys can swim.
- 5. A tiger can beat a lion.
- 6. A sloth can walk.
- Camels carry water in their humps.
- 8. The hippopotamus sweats blood.9. Lions can be crossed with
- tigers.
 10. Lemmings commit suicide.

- 11. The elephant is the largest animal.
- 12. The whippet is the fastest mammal.13. Turtles are the most long-
- lived animals.

 14. Giraffes can moo.
- 15. Kangaroos weigh only 20 grains at birth.
- 16. Storks are voiceless.
- 17. Mules do not propagate.
- 18. Skunks kill poultry.
- 19. Eels travel over land.20. Rats can't vomit.

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Sensitive skin, "Noxzema is a wonderful cream for my sensitive skin," says lovely Mrs. Connie McDiarmid of Ottawa. "I use it at least three or four times every day—and as a make-up base and night cream. It refreshes my skin while it protects!"



"Soft, smooth and glowing" describes the complexion of Toby Robins, beautiful radio and stage actress of Toronto. "I count on Noxzema to help keep it that way," she says. "This fine, greaseless cream is especially well suited to my every need!"

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped to correct my skin's tendency towards dryness," says Mrs. Isabel Ower, University Librarian of Edmonton. "It's my all-purpose cream—an excellent night cream and powder base."



Blemishes. "I first used Noxzema in my teens," says Mrs. Gloria W. Browne of Halifax, "when my skin was abnormally oily and blemished. Noxzema proved a wonderful help. It's been a 'must' with me ever since!"

Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!

• Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry rough skin, annoying blemishes . . . if your hands are red and rough from housework . . . here's real news!

A skin specialist, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

Morning—1. "Creamwash with Noxzema." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "Creamwash with Noxzema." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is

greaseless — no messy pillow smears! Remember — this new "Home Facial" was clinically tested by skin specialists

with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework...or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier-looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded.

But you will be delighted! Try it. Get Noxzema Skin Gream now—while you can get a big 93¢ jar for only 79¢.



Rough, chapped skin. "Noxzema works wonders for my rough, chapped skin," says Gertrude Symons, Montreal advertising assistant. "I like the way it soothes and softens and never looks greasy. I use Noxzema daily!"



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mixer. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the original and the ONLY Mixmaster. There's only one by that name. Mixmaster puts that EXTRA deliciousness, EXTRA success into every recipe. Over six

million enthusiastic owners are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which you can obtain such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper-Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, Butter Chura and others. On sale wherever good efectric appliances are sold. See your dealer.

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MOTOR

controlled motor de-livers Full Power or all speeds. Beaters never vary their speed as batter thins-out or thickens-



Continued from page 38 ex-tomboy reveal her as a paradox of ladylike orthodoxy constantly threatened by spontaneous combustion. On Bay Street Helen Cleveland is in the conservative end of a conservative business. Her firm vies with its chief Bay Street rivals—A. E. Ames and Dominion Securities—in the matter of ethics and dignity as well as sales. Basically a bond house floating only the most respectable securities, Wood, Gundy didn't even hold a seat on the stock exchange until 1949, its 44th year in business, and it still won't sell stocks on margin (the customer pays a percentage, the bank lends the rest). The portfolios of most of Miss Cleveland's clients are loaded heavily with solid respectable Dominion of Canadas, International Nickels, Imperial Oil debentures, and those lovely, lovely Simpson Class B commons.

Yet just being a saleslady on Bay Street is almost as radical a departure today as it was when Helen Cleveland pioneered the field 23 years ago. There is only one other woman marketing securities as a full-time career in Toronto—Helen Sparling, of McLeod, Young, Weir & Company—perhaps one or two in Montreal, and two or three others throughout the rest of the country

\$400 on a "Pure Fluke"

Even more revolutionary has been her campaign to explode the legend that all Bay Street's female clients are bewildered widows and spinsters put-ting blind faith in some white-haired investment counselor who reminds them of their departed husbands.

"When they start giving me arguments against my investment sugges-tions, I know they're learning some-thing," declares Helen with relish. "Perhaps 15% of my clients today are women in business with a good grasp of business procedures. Yet more than half of them are older women dependent on their investments for their income and they also show a interest in understanding their holdings

Perhaps the keenest interest is shown by the other 25% of Cleveland clients who are married women handling the family finances for husbands who are busy executives. "They come to see me to get all the information they need, then they go off home with it and husband and wife decide together."

In spite of the sober advice she gives

most of her clients with fixed capital resources she isn't above taking a flier erself on a bouncy gold stock like Eldona, on which she recently made an overnight profit of \$400 when it jumped 60 cents. She hurriedly explains that this was a pure fluke, but the incident also demonstrates the fine blend of sage caution and let's go on which her success is based.

The breezy impulsiveness hidden by the dignified exterior sent Helen Cleveland scurrying in 1924 to buy herself a Model T when women motorists were something more than rare.

In 1928 Helen read that air ace Billy Bishop had landed an amphibian on Toronto Bay to inaugurate an air service to Buffalo. She immediately booked a seat for the first scheduled flight, liked it, has been flying ever since. She was born in Minneapolis but

was soon taken to Arizona by her mining engineer father. He gave her a burro when she was 6; later she rode ponies 30 miles a day to "call on the neighbors.

"I'd stay overnight at whatever ranch I happened to be visiting when the sun went down, and sometimes be away a week," she recalled recently and her wistful gaze roamed far beyond

the old walnut-railed corral that fences

her in at Wood, Gundy's. When she was 12 her father's mining interests brought him to Ontario and Helen was torn from the wide-open West and clapped into Havergal College, Toronto, where she found she had to be signed in and out like an in-

One day the young firm of Wood, Gundy & Company was startled to have a Havergal girl turn up and denave a Havergal girl turn up and de-clare she wanted to learn the business from the ground up. "I think they hired me while they were still dazed," she has since concluded.

She started at \$10 a week, worked through the finance, accounting and direct mail selling departments before settling in investments. She learned that gold is where you find it, even at Bay and King. This was after a stubble-chinned character walked in smelling so strongly of horses as to rock even an old cowhand like Cleveland, and nonchalantly bought \$400,

000 worth of Alberta bonds.

From Wall Street she borrowed the idea of a department devoted exclusively to women clients and, as soon as the partners consented, women immediately started beating a high-heeled track to Helen Cleveland's desk

For two years the new department boomed like everything else in the giddiest bull market ever known, then in October and November, 1929, came what Helen calls "the two worst days of my life." All in all, she insists, her my life." All in all, she insists, her clients rode out the big crash with remarkable calm and only one stormed in to announce that her husband was

going to shoot Mr. Gundy.

Miss Cleveland, like a good many other people, found her own "marginal position severely overextended." More simply, she'd bought a flock of speculative stuff for a fraction of its worth, borrowing the rest from the bank and, prices plummeted, she had to ver" to the sum of \$10,000, or lose 'cover" everything.

She calmly pointed out to the venerable Bank of Montreal that if it sold her out, neither one of them would said if they'd cover me I'd pay them every cent, no matter how long it took, because I was convinced my stocks would all come back some day," says Helen now. "So the bank covered me and I paid off \$10,000 over the years, five and 10 dollars at a time. The stocks rose again eventually, as I knew they would, so we all ended up on top."

Once a month Wood, Gundy sales men from all over Canada are flown to Toronto for a Saturday morning bull session over new issues and current problems. "Anyone who has something special to contribute may be called on, says sales manager Ned Ely, "bu Helen is called on almost every meeting to report how her women clients feel about things.

Just after the Korean invasion took the stock market for one of its worst downhill jaunts since '29 she told 50 gloomy salesmen, "Women don't scare easily. My clients are calling to say 'I see the market's gone down-what's a good buy?

Helen Cleveland has made her mark in a man's world by deftly penetrating the frustration that blocks the male securities salesmen who moan that women take up their valuable time when they're "just looking, thanks." She says, "Women like to chat away about the stocks and bonds they're interested in but it isn't just window-shopping. Their chief weakness is that they underestimate their business knowledge—this is often the only reason they lack the confidence to make their own decisions on what to buy and

Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 21

usually trained at Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburg, New York, or Madame Biers' camp at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, and came into town the after-noon before the fight. We made a practice of staying in the wrong hotels
—small, chintzy places populated
largely by old ladies and Pomeranians. The night before the fight we'd usually go to a late show, partly to get my mind off the fight and partly to help me sleep a little later than usual the next

morning.

The morning after the fight we'd go downtown and pick up our cheque from Tex Rickard or Mike Jacobs or whoever the promoter was and then we'd get out of town again. Sometimes we'd drive to Long Island, where we had a house and some property for a few years. More often we'd fly out to Los Angeles and either stay there until it was time to come back east and start training for

the next fight or go on up to Vancouver. So we weren't too accessible to strangers-especially suspicious strangers—and all strangers were suspicious to Pop. I was far more guileless than he was, but I only got close once to striking up a genuine acquaintance with a real live gangster. The day after one of my fights I went downtown with my brother Bob, who had been helping We weren't me with my training.

pie. In or out of training, I was always very careful about my diet. According to my theories and Pop's on food, pastry of any kind has all the healthgiving properties of arsenic. But I've got a hopeless weakness for lemon pie and after an earlier fight I'd discovered a restaurant that made the best lemon

our lemon pie when the owner of the restaurant came up and said he'd like to introduce us to some men sitting at another table. We took our pie over and sat down for a while with Legs Diamond and his bodyguard. Prohibi-tion was still in force and Diamond, who was murdered about a year later. undisputed king of the rackets. Bob and I sat around chatting with Diamond and his boys for half an hour or so, mostly about fights and fighters and then we said good-by and

Legs Diamond Is Out

I told Pop where we'd been and what we'd had to eat. He frowned a little when I mentioned the lemon pie but didn't say anything. Then I told him who we'd been talking to.

I never heard Pop use a swear word until I was past 30. This time it looked close. He didn't say anything for almost a minute. When he finally spoke

his voice was under perfect control.
"Jimmy," he said. "Don't ever eat lemon pie with Legs Diamond again. "Okay, Pop," I said.

"And Jimmy." 'Yes Pop?'

"Don't even eat a nice healthy salad

with Legs Diamond."
"I won't Pop," I said, and I never

Pop and I arrived in New York in February 1928. We might have made it earlier, but Pop was never a man to hurry. In November of the previous year I'd scored an upset knockout over Kid Kaplan in Chicago. When we got back to our hotel room there was a long-distance call from Tex Rickard's matchmaker, Jess McMahon. Mc-Mahon wanted us to come to New York right away. "Why?" Pop said.

McMahon wasn't quite ready for a question as silly as that one. I suppose he knew as well as anybody else that every boxer wanted to come to New York and that if there were any ques-tions to be asked there was time to ask them after he got there.

Pop cupped his hand over the tele-phone and relayed the answer to me. "They're not sure who they want us to fight. They'll give us a \$5,000 advance to come and talk terms.

Tough Scrap In Detroit

I sat on the edge of the bed and chewed my fingernails. Less than six weeks ago I'd been fighting in San Diego for not much more than room and board. Five weeks ago I'd been told that if I wanted to fight in Los Angeles or San Francisco I'd virtually have to start from scratch. Two hours ago I'd earned \$3,000 for the hardest fight of my life. And now Pop was quibbling about taking \$5,000 just to And now Pop was go and say hello to a man.

Thanks, Mr. McMahon," Pop said,

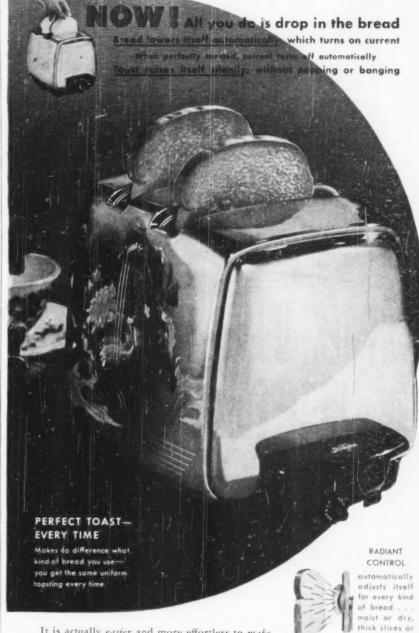
and hung up.

The phone rang off and on all
The phone range off and on all
The phone range of the night. When I got up through the night. When I got I asked Pop what had happened.

"We're going to Detroit to fight Billy Wallace," he said.

Wallace gave me a hard fight, but I beat him. The phone rang quite a bit more that night and the next morning

undeam leaving town until late at night and before I left I wanted a piece of lemon RADIANT CONTROL TOASTER pie in the world. Bob and I were sitting alone eating Automatic Beyond Belief!



It is actually easier and more effortless to make delicious toast with the new Sunbeam than it is to tell about it. You merely drop in the bread-and forget it.

There are no levers to push—because no levers are needed. The bread turns on the Sunbeam automatically. The next thing you know, perfectly delicious

toast rises silently from the Toaster. There is no banging or popping. And what toast—every slice alike from the first to last, whether moist or dry, thick slices or thin. Always-the same golden, taste-tempting deliciousness. It can't miss.

Ask your electric appliance dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster for you.

Only the Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL nakes possible this amazing auto performance. The heat radiated from the actual surface of the bread is facused on sensitive strip of bimetal. When the bread reaches the scientifically correct temperature for perfect toasting, sufficient eat is absorbed by the thermostat to shut off the Toaster. Makes no difference what kind of bread you use whether it's dry or moist-you get the same degree of uniform toasting every time. It's always the same, once you set it for the kind you like, regardless of line voltage.

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Answers to Quiz

TWENTY QUESTIONS

See Page 38

1. False; just a superstition.

2. True.

3. True: they are hidden under the feathers

4 False

5. True; it's faster and stronger.

6. False; it climbs trees upside down.

7. False; they are just a reserve supply of fat.

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10. True; they migrate across the plains devouring crops until they reach the sea and are drowned.

11. False; the blue whale (105 feet long, to 125 tons) is the largest.

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13. False; the blue whale (about 75 years) is the most long lived.

14. True; while it lacks vocal cords it can make a moolike sound.

15. True; they are placed by the mother in her pouch until big enough to venture out.

16. True.

17. True.

18. False; its natural food does not include fowl.

19. True; on rainy nights they wiggle overland to lakes and

20. True; that's why rat poisons work

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POWERFUL MOTOR

livers Full Power or all speeds. Beaters never vary their speed as batter thins out or thickers



ened by spontaneous combustion. On Bay Street Helen Cleveland is in the conservative end of a conservative business. Her firm vies with its chief Bay Street rivals—A. E. Ames and Dominion Securities—in the matter of ethics and dignity as well as sales. Basically a bond house floating only the most respectable securities, Gundy didn't even hold a seat on the stock exchange until 1949, its 44th year in business, and it still won't sell stocks on margin (the customer pays a percentage, the bank lends the rest). The portfolios of most of Miss Cleveland's clients are loaded heavily with solid respectable Dominion of Canadas, International Nickels, Imperial Oil debentures, and those lovely, lovely Simpson Class B commons.

Continued from page 38 ex-tomboy reveal her as a paradox of

ladylike orthodoxy constantly threat-

Yet just being a saleslady on Bay Street is almost as radical a departure today as it was when Helen Cleveland pioneered the field 23 years ago. There is only one other woman marketing securities as a full-time career in Toronto-Helen Sparling, of Young, Weir & Company—perhaps one or two in Montreal, and two or three others throughout the rest of the

\$400 on a "Pure Fluke"

Even more revolutionary has been her campaign to explode the legend that all Bay Street's female clients are bewildered widows and spinsters putting blind faith in some white-haired investment counselor who reminds them of their departed husbands.

'When they start giving me arguments against my investment suggestions, I know they're learning some-thing," declares Helen with relish. "Perhaps 15% of my clients today are women in business with a good grasp of business procedures. Yet more than half of them are older women depend-ent on their investments for their income and they also show a real interest in understanding their hold-

Perhaps the keenest interest is shown by the other 25% of Cleveland clients who are married women handling the family finances for husbands who are busy executives. "They come to see me to get all the information they need, then they go off home with it and husband and wife decide together.

In spite of the sober advice she gives most of her clients with fixed capital resources she isn't above taking a flier herself on a bouncy gold stock like Eldona, on which she recently made an overnight profit of \$400 when it jumped 60 cents. She hurriedly explains that this was a pure fluke, but the incident also demonstrates the fine blend of sage caution and let's go on which her

The breezy impulsiveness hidden by the dignified exterior sent Helen Cleveland scurrying in 1924 to buy herself a Model T when women motorists were something more than rare.

In 1928 Helen read that air ace Billy Bishop had landed an amphibian on Toronto Bay to inaugurate an air service to Buffalo. She immediately booked a seat for the first scheduled flight, liked it, has been flying ever since. She was born in Minneapolis but

was soon taken to Arizona by her mining engineer father. He gave her a burro when she was 6; later she rode ponies 30 miles a day to "call on the neighbors.

"I'd stay overnight at whatever ranch I happened to be visiting when the sun went down, and sometimes be away a week," she recalled recently, and her wistful gaze roamed far beyond

the old walnut-railed corral that fences her in at Wood, Gundy's

When she was 12 her father's mining interests brought him to Ontario and Helen was torn from the wide-open West and clapped into Havergal College, Toronto, where she found she had to be signed in and out like an in

One day the young firm of Wood, Gundy & Company was startled to have a Havergal girl turn up and de-clare she wanted to learn the business from the ground up. "I think they hired me while they were still dazed," she has since concluded.

She started at \$10 a week, worked through the finance, accounting and direct mail selling departments before settling in investments. She learned that gold is where you find it, even at Bay and King. This was after a stubble-chinned character walked in smelling so strongly of horses as to rock even an old cowhand like Cleveland, and nonchalantly bought \$400, 000 worth of Alberta bonds.

From Wall Street she borrowed the idea of a department devoted exclusively to women clients and, as soon as the partners consented, women immediately started beating a high-heeled track to Helen Cleveland's desk.

For two years the new department boomed like everything else in the giddiest bull market ever known, then in October and November, 1929, came what Helen calls "the two worst days of my life." All in all, she insists, her e." All in all, she insists, her rode out the big crash with remarkable calm and only one stormed in to announce that her husband was going to shoot Mr. Gundy.
Miss Cleveland, like a good many

other people, found her own "marginal position severely overextended." More simply, she'd bought a flock of speculative stuff for a fraction of its worth, borrowing the rest from the bank and, as prices plummeted, she had to "cover" to the sum of \$10,000, or lose everything.

She calmly pointed out to the venerable Bank of Montreal that if it sold her out, neither one of them would ever get their money back. "But I said if they'd cover me I'd pay them every cent, no matter how long it took, because I was convinced my stocks would all come back some day," says Helen now. "So the bank covered me and I paid off \$10,000 over the years, five and 10 dollars at a time. The stocks rose again eventually, as I knew they would, so we all ended up on top.' Once a month Wood, Gundy sales

men from all over Canada are flown to Toronto for a Saturday morning bull session over new issues and current problems. "Anyone who has something special to contribute may be called on, says sales manager Ned Ely, "bu Helen is called on almost every meeting to report how her women clients feel about things.

Just after the Korean invasion took the stock market for one of its worst downhill jaunts since '29 she told 50 gloomy salesmen, "Women don't scare easily. My clients are calling to say 'I see the market's gone down—what's a good buy?"

Helen Cleveland has made her mark in a man's world by deftly penetrating the frustration that blocks the male securities salesmen who moan that women take up their valuable time when they're "just looking, thanks." when they're "just looking, thanks." She says, "Women like to chat away about the stocks and bonds they're interested in but it isn't just windowshopping. Their chief weakness is that they underestimate their business knowledge—this is often the only reason they lack the confidence to make their own decisions on what to buy and

Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 21

usually trained at Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburg, New York, or Madame Biers' camp at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, and came into town the after-noon before the fight. We made a noon before the fight. We made a practice of staying in the wrong hotels—small, chintzy places populated largely by old ladies and Pomeranians. The night before the fight we'd usually go to a late show, partly to get my mind off the fight and partly to help me sleep a little later than usual the next morning.

The morning after the fight we'd go downtown and pick up our cheque from Tex Rickard or Mike Jacobs or whoever the promoter was and then we'd get out of town again. Sometimes we'd drive to Long Island, where we had a house and some property for a few years. More often we'd fly out to Los Angeles and either stay there until it was time to come back east and start training for

the next fight or go on up to Vancouver. So we weren't too accessible to strangers—especially suspicious stranand all strangers were suspicious to Pop. I was far more guileless than he was, but I only got close once to striking up a genuine acquaintance with a real live gangster. The day after one of my fights I went downtown with my brother Bob, who had been helping We weren't me with my training.

leaving town until late at night and before I left I wanted a piece of lemon pie. In or out of training, I was always very careful about my diet. According to my theories and Pop's on food, pastry of any kind has all the healthgiving properties of arsenic. But I've got a hopeless weakness for lemon pie and after an earlier fight I'd discovered a restaurant that made the best lemon

pie in the world.

Bob and I were sitting alone eating our lemon pie when the owner of the restaurant came up and said he'd like to introduce us to some men sitting at another table. We took our pie over and sat down for a while with Legs Diamond and his bodyguard. Prohibi-tion was still in force and Diamond, who was murdered about a year later. then undisputed king of the rackets. Bob and I sat around chatting with Diamond and his boys for half an hour or so, mostly about fights and fighters and then we said good-by and

Legs Diamond Is Out

I told Pop where we'd been and what we'd had to eat. He frowned a little when I mentioned the lemon pie but

I never heard Pop use a swear word until I was past 30. This time it looked close. He didn't say anything for almost a minute. When he finally spoke

"Don't even eat a nice healthy salad

with Legs Diamond."
"I won't Pop," I said, and I never

Pop and I arrived in New York in February 1928. We might have made it earlier, but Pop was never a man to hurry. In November of the previous hurry. In November of the previous year I'd scored an upset knockout over Kid Kaplan in Chicago. When we got back to our hotel room there was a long-distance call from Tex Rickard's matchmaker, Jess McMahon. Mc-Mahon wanted us to come to New

"Why?" Pop said.
McMahon wasn't quite ready for a question as silly as that one. I suppose he knew as well as anybody else that every boxer wanted to come to New York and that if there were any questions to be asked there was time to ask them after he got there.

Pop cupped his hand over the telephone and relayed the answer to me. They're not sure who they want us to fight. They'll give us a \$5,000 advance to come and talk terms."

Tough Scrap In Detroit

I sat on the edge of the bed and chewed my fingernails. Less than six weeks ago I'd been fighting in San Diego for not much more than room and board. Five weeks ago I'd been told that if I wanted to fight in Los Angeles or San Francisco I'd virtually have to start from scratch. Two hours ago I'd earned \$3,000 for the hardest fight of my life. And now Pop was quibbling about taking \$5,000 just to go and say hello to a man.
"Thanks, Mr. McMahon," Pop said,

and hung up.
The phone rang off and on all through the night. When I got up I asked Pop what had happened.
"We're going to Detroit to fight

Billy Wallace," he said.

Wallace gave me a hard fight, but I beat him. The phone rang quite a bit more that night and the next morning

didn't say anything. Then I told him who we'd been talking to.

aimosi a minute. When he finally spoke his voice was under perfect control. "Jimmy," he said. "Don't ever eat lemon pie with Legs Diamond again." "Okay, Pop," I said. "And Jimmy." "Yer Panes"

'Yes Pop?"

TWENTY QUESTIONS See Page 38

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4. False.

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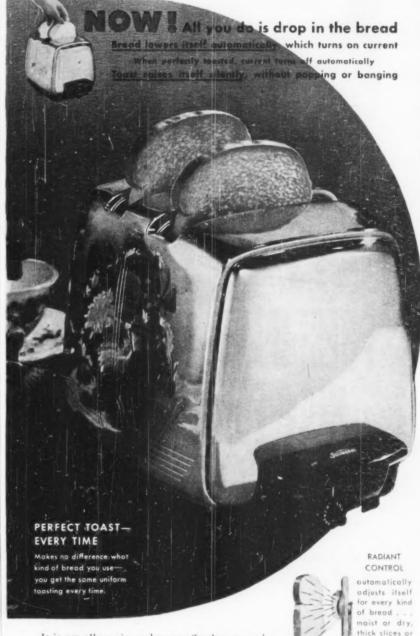
17. True.

18. False; its natural food does not include fowl.

19. True; on rainy nights they wiggle overland to lakes and pools.

20. True; that's why rat poisons work

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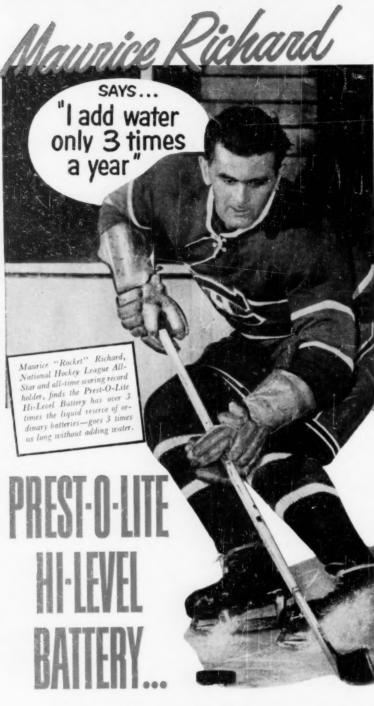
You merely drop in the bread—and forget it. There are no levers to push—because no levers are needed. The bread turns on the Sunbeam automatically.

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I asked Pop what was doing. He told me that if I wanted to we could go to New York and fight Sid Terris for 25%

of the gate.
Sid Terris was a Jewish boy from the East Side. If there's anything more loyal or stubborn or magnificently silly than an Irish fight fan, it's a Jewish fight fan. In New York there are thousands of both and when a Jewish boy who has been doing all right is matched against an Irish boy who has been doing all right, most of them want to be there to see it. Terris was a slick, shifty lightweight and they called him the Ghost of the Ghetto. Although I was born in Belfast and was brought up as a Methodist, Rickard's press releases described me as the "Dublin Dynamiter" and the "Murderous

"The Saints Be Praised"

Terris and I fought on Feb. 24, 1928, and it was a sellout. The net gate of \$91,985 was a new record for Madison Square Garden

It turned out to be the shortest fight of my life. Terris made a couple of leads in the first minute and then I knocked him out with a one-two—a left to the body and a short right to the head. It was all over in 1 minute and 47 seconds.

The Irish carried me out of the ring on their shoulders and as they swept me to the dressing room a rain of friendly wallops beat me black and blue. I don't mean this in the figurative The bruises showed for more than a week. Just before Pop rescued me at the door to the dressing room a giant of a man gave me a paralyzing smack between the shoulder blades and "The saints be praised, Jimmy

boy!"
"Take it easy," I yelled back. "There's nobody up here but us Orangemen." Maybe it was just as well that he didn't seem to hear.

After the fight it looked to a lot of people, including myself, as though I couldn't miss being the next lightweight champion of the world. Pop and I went down to Rickard's office and picked up a cheque for \$19,645.60 and Rickard said he would make me the next light-weight champion of the world. By special invitation I went down to the City Hall to be greeted by the mayor. Jimmy Walker told me it was a great pleasure to shake the hand of the next lightweight champion of the world. For the next three days Rickard and Jim Mullen, who was promoting out of Chicago, tried to outbid each other for the privilege of promoting the match which was to make me the next lightweight champion of the world.

Mullen finally offered me a \$50,000

guarantee against Rickard's \$35,000, but Pop and I agreed that in the long run it would do me the most good to win the lightweight championship of the world in New York

There was just one thing everybody, including me, overlooked in these calculations. That was Sammy calculations. That was Sammy Mandell. Mandell had been lightweight champion for two years. Except for one disqualification he'd lost only one fight in nearly five years—that one in Los Angeles on a card on which I was fighting too. Mandell and I had shared a dressing room that night and on one or two other shows in California and we'd become pretty good friends. The night I beat Kid Kaplan in Chicagoa very important fight for me because it started me on a comeback after a lot of people insisted I was washed up-Sammy had sat just behind my corner and rooted his head off for me.

I never took any fight lightly. I knew

that Sammy was very fast, very hard to hit, and that he had a very quick and

busy left hand. But I was utterly and absolutely sure that I was going to beat him. I trained harder for him than I'd trained for anybody before, but I almost enjoyed the training this time because I kept telling myself that I was finally going to make it all the way to

the top. We fought in the Polo Grounds on May 21, 1928, before a crowd of 30,000. Sammy made a bum of me. I won't bore you or torture myself with a blow-by-blow account. Just say: McLarnin was short with a left to the body and missed a right to the head and Mandell flicked three lefts to the face and danced away. Say that over and over again, eight times for each round and 15 rounds for the whole fight, and you'll have the approximate picture I have. I tried to box him. Pop and I had a

more or less hard-and-fast rule, "Box a fighter and fight a boxer," and according to our rule we shouldn't have tried to box Mandell. But we both thought I could box better than he could. I couldn't come close, not that night

Sammy just kept throwing his left at me-half a flick and half a brush-and moving away from me around me and back in and away again and I couldn't find him, much less hit him. Around the fifth I abandoned my hopeful plan for doing to him what he was doing to me, and began trying to punch. But the punches I threw were long, desper-ate ones, not much better than hay-makers. He was so far ahead of me and going farther ahead so fast that I felt I had to steady him down quick, with at least one good punch to the head. That didn't come even close to working

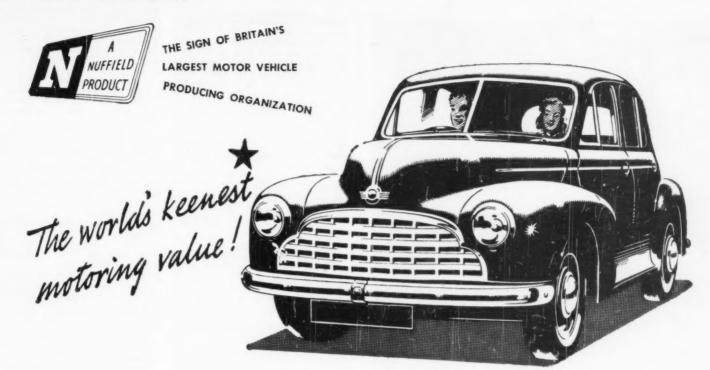
He didn't hurt me-not in the way a fighter means when he says he's been hurt—but by the time it was over my left eye was totally closed, my right eye was nearly closed, my nose was puffed up and bloody and my lips were cut as though a handful of razor blades had been ground into them. According to most of the newspaper score cards won 11 rounds. I won two and two were

Pop Threw In The Towel

Pop and I were living in a little apartment just off Columbus Circle. After the Mandell fight we didn't get right out of town. I didn't even want to get out of that apartment. I couldn't bear the thought of going back to Los Angeles to face my friends. I couldn't bear the thought of going back to Vancouver to face my family and my girl. I couldn't even bear the thought of going down to the corner for a paper.

This was only my fifth defeat in more than 50 fights. The others had been close and anyway I had gone on and become a better fighter than any of the other three guys who'd beaten me. But going over the Mandell fight in my mind, and talking it over with Pop, I couldn't find any excuse for telling myself that Sammy Mandell had me licked on the night of May 21, 1928, but that maybe on some other night it would be different. No matter how I looked at it, no matter how many excuses I tried to make for myself, the same answer still kept coming up. Sammy Mandell had me licked period. But I wanted to fight Mandell again.

In the next year and a half it got to be an obsession with me. I came out of hiding a month after my first fight with him and knocked out Phil McGraw in one round. I went to Detroit and knocked out Stanislaus Loyaza in four. Then Ray Miller opened a six-stitch cut over my eye in the first round of a scheduled 10-rounder in Detroit. Pop couldn't get the bleeding stopped and Continued on page 44



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Continued from page 42 he threw in the towel between the sixth

and seventh rounds.

I didn't like losing that one either—the first and only fight in which I wasn't still around at the finish. But I knew I'd catch up with Miller some time. I won two fights against Joe Glick in New York, one a 10-round decision and one a second-round knock-out. Then I met Miller again and beat him on points. I knocked out Sergeant Sammy Baker in one and then, on November 4, 1929, I was back in my corner looking across the ring at Sammy Mandell.

This time we fought in Chicago—Sammy's home town. He still held the lightweight title, but we weren't fighting for it. I'd outgrown the lightweight division and came in at 143¾ pounds to Sammy's 138, but after what he'd done to me in our first meeting, he was still the betting favorite.

I think of all my fights this one gave

I think of all my fights this one gave me the most satisfaction. It was by no means an easy one, but I made the kind of fight I'd planned and I won. I got on top of him and kept on top, working inside on the body until he began to slow down and then shifting to the head. I did what I should have done the first time. I fought a boxer.

Pop felt as good as I did about the fight. But he wasn't letting either of us forget that I still didn't have a championship. "You licked the right fighter at the wrong time, Jimmy," | Pop reminded me sorrowfully.

That wasn't the first or the last time that I licked the right fighter at the wrong time. A few months before my second fight with Mandell, Jackie Fields had won the welterweight championship from Joe Dundee. This was the same Jackie Fields whose jaw I'd broken in two places and knocked out in the second round away back in our early days in Los Angeles. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's New York Milk Fund offered him a \$75,000 guarantee to fight me for the title—an almost unheard-of sum for a small man in those days—but he refused.

almost unheard-of sum for a small man in those days—but he refused.

Title or not, I was still getting good fights. Ruby Goldstein, another promising Jewish boy, came up from the East Side. The people who had called Sid Terris the Ghost of the Ghetto called Ruby the Jewel of the Ghetto and where my fight with Terris had drawn \$92,000 my fight with Goldstein drew \$106,000. I knocked him out in the second round.

No Brass Rings For Me

Sammy Mandell, who was still light-weight champion, wanted a rubber match. I went back to Chicago in March, 1930, and won another 10-round decision. The A.P. gave me all 10 rounds.

A month later I licked the right fighter at the wrong time again and dug myself still deeper behind the eight ball in my campaign for the welterweight title. Young Jack Thompson, a California boy I had known in my early days back in Oakland, came to New York and we were matched in the Gardens. In the first round I hit him high on the forehead and broke my right hand. I finished the bout with one hand and won a decision.

I laid off for six months and Pop and I went to Alaska and fished for salmon while my hand finished healing. While we were out of circulation Thompson fought Fields for the title and won it. He wasn't any more anxious than Fields had been to risk the championship against a man who'd already beaten him.

It was pretty exasperating to sit and watch the merry-go-round whirling past without getting a chance at the brass ring. There were compensations though. The night of my second bout with Billy Petrolle in the Gardens, Jack Thompson, who held the title then, was fighting a main event across the river in Newark. The next day Poptossed me a newspaper clipping on the comparative gates. We'd drawn \$86,000. Thompson had drawn \$2,400.

"Sooner or later one of them champions will get hungry," Pop predicted. "We can afford to wait."

I'm getting a little ahead of myself. By midsummer of 1930 the hand I'd broken against Thompson was feeling fine again. We came back to New York to fight Al Singer in Yankee Stadium. Singer had just taken the lightweight title away from Mandell. What's more he'd done it on a firstround knockout. He'd lost only two of his 58 fights and he'd won 20 of them by knockouts. He was another East Side boy—a better boxer than either Terris or Goldstein and a murderous puncher besides—and so in every restaurant and blind pig from the Battery to the Bronx, the feud of the Cohens and the Kellys flared up again. I couldn't make the lightweight limit any longer so we weren't fighting for the title.

We fought in Yankee Stadium. The gate was \$162,000 of which Singer and I each got \$33,431.

Singer beat me to a punch early in the first round and his right uppercut buckled my knees. I straightened up and punched him away. It took more than a little doing. Singer was willing to punch with anybody and we stood and chunked away at each other for a solid minute. Finally he backed up, but before the round ended he hit me with another right I felt all the way to the toenails. It was a good round and he won it.

A Flip For Singer

He won the second round too, a slower round than the first. In the last minute I hit him hard with a short left on the cheekbone. He tucked his chin away down behind his left shoulder and although he looked fresh when he went to our corners I knew he was hurt.

I moved on top of him in the third. He backed away from a couple of lefts to the body. I hooked to his jaw with a left and he pulled me into a clinch. After we broke I shifted into him with a hard left cross under the ear. The punch knocked him clear across the ring. He landed on his back and rolled over on his face. I watched the count to nine. At nine his shoulders were moving, but the rest of him was still flat on the floor.

After my winning fights I always turned a handspring in the ring. The cro'vd got a kick out of it and so did I. So when I saw Referee Jack McAvoy's hand coming up for the last time, I did my flip. I finished it rightside up in the middle of the ring and of all the people in the world, who was waiting to welcome me? Nobody but Al Singer!

Somehow he had pulled himself back to his feet in that second between the count of nine and what would have been the count of 10 and out. He was weaving and he was feeble, but there was nothing feeble about the round-house right I saw coming for my chin. I recovered from the shock in time to duck under it. I hit him with another left. That one put him on the floor to stay, but I kept my eye on him until they'd carried him to his stool.

I've already told about my three fights with Billy Petrolle in the first part of this series. He won the first and I won the next two. After the last Petrolle fight I took a year off. I spent most of that year playing golf and

striving without success for a shot at the welterweight title. In August, 1932, Lou Brouillard,

In August, 1932, Lou Brouillard, who had won and lost the title in the previous year, outpointed me in a slow 10-rounder. Brouillard was a strong southpaw, the first full southpaw I'd met. I fought a slow, awkward fight. I realized, before Pop told me, that the long layoff had hurt my timing. We agreed that when and if I got a chance to fight for the title the best way to make sure of being ready was to play less golf and do more boxing. So when I was offered a bout against Benny Leonard in October I grabbed it.

Leonard had been lightweight cham-

Leonard had been lightweight champion from 1917 to 1924. He retired undefeated—one of the best little men in the history of the ring. He was independently wealthy then, but he lost his money in the stock market crash of 1929 and in 1931, at the age of 35 and after a seven-year layoff, he tried to make a comeback. He was bucking the oldest and saddest truism in boxing—the axiom that "They never come back." Between October, 1931, when he started fighting again, and October, 1932, when he and I met in the Garden, he had 19 bouts and lost only one of them. Some of his opponents didn't amount to much, but a few tween great touch youngsters.

were good tough youngsters.

I can never think of my fight with Benny Leonard without also thinking of my fight with Al Singer. Benny, who came out of the East Side, too, was the model for and in some cases the adviser to all those East Side boys I'd been fighting. While I was training for Singer, Benny spent several days in my camp at Orangeburg. I knew Benny was scouting me on Singer's behalf and Denny knew I knew it and we got along fine. I didn't think he was going to see

anything that he hadn't seen before. As it happens, he did, or anyway I now think he did. You'll remember that when I was talking a few paragraphs ago about the Singer fight I said Singer beat me to a punch early in the first round and buckled my knees with a right uppercut. The punch he beat me to was my favorite punch. It was actually meant to be two punches. It started with a feint to draw a lead from the other man. In the same instant I went into a crouch, ducking under his lead, and dug a left to his liver and then came up with a right to the head.

That was the theory of it, and it often worked in practice.

But the first time I tried it against Singer he stepped forward and threw his right about eight inches lower than they usually threw it—and instead of going past it nailed me on the temple, and hard. It was a fine piece of deflection shooting—leading the target, a duck hunter would call it. But nobody could have landed on that particular target in that particular way unless he'd had a careful briefing ahead of time. As a scout old Benny Leonard was still a champ.

As the Chinese say, man catch you once—shame on him; man catch you twice—shame on you. The night I fought Leonard I tried exactly the same punch on him that he'd warned Singer to be ready for. I tried it at exactly the same stage of the first round and he reacted in exactly the same way. As I started to go into my crouch Benny came in low with a right uppercut and nearly tore my head off. I sank right to my knees, although I didn't take a count.

I put Benny on the deck in the second. He got up too, but we both knew it was only a matter of time. I worked on his body through the next three rounds and then shifted to the head. He still had his punch and he was dangerous, but he was too slow. Every now and then Benny would pull me into a clinch and whisper: "Listen, kid, let's not have anybody getting hurt around here." I didn't say anything. But I was glad when Arthur Donovan threw his arms around Benny just before the end of the sixth and gave the bout to me on a technical knockout.

Just before Christmas in 1932 I knocked out Sammy Fuller in eight. In February, Young Corbett III outpointed Jackie Fields for the welterweight championship. Corbett couldn't have been any happier about it than I was—especially after he announced that he was willing to defend the title against all comers. That had to mean me.

Next issue Jimmy McLarnin tells in a fifth and concluding installment how he became welterweight champion of the world in a fight that started long before he stepped into the ring with Corbett.



MACLEAN

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our business

Your

future

The Philistine

Continued from page 13

noosed hare. Easy to say now that we should have put in garrisons. Easier to fault Achish, our King, for trusting this dog of a David. But, consider. We Philistines have our Five Cities. The Hebrews are as many as the stones on their barren hills, Let David, our vassal, war with Ishbosheth, last son of Saul, and the remnants of Israel, said our counselors. Thus shall Israel and Judah remain hostile and weak and Philistine lives be spared."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It was a good thought." Lifting the cup again he tilted back his head and the girl, even though her mind was in turmoil at what he had told, noted abstractedly how brown and strong that throat was. As Paltiel put down the cup, Maoch got to his feet.

"Yet see how that thought has turned out," he said, his voice trem-bling. He stared around. "Judah and Israel as one. Jerusalem, our ally, that thrust a stubborn wedge between them, conquered. We stand on the them, conquered. razor's edge.

The girl was standing, her lips parted, an expression on her face as if heard angels singing. looking at her, Paltiel pushed his cup toward her once more.

"Don't worry, Maoch," he laughed.
"If war comes, our spearmen and our chariots will scatter these hillmen as the wind scatters chaff on the thresh-

ing floor."
"But why war?" Maoch cried. "If war comes our caravans will be stopped, our trade to Syria and to Amor and the land of the Rivers cut off. this David fair, I say. Recognize the facts. Strike a pact with him."
"So said the Seren of Gaza," Paltiel

commented dryly.

"A sound man," Maoch said fervently. "A sensible man."

"A traitor!" the slender young man told him fiercely. "Are we to endure this, we the Fhilistines, we whose ancestors, driven forth from their homes by northern barbarians and beaten back from Egypt—and not yet daunted—seized this coastland of the Canaanites? They built our five cities, Canaantes? They built our five cities, those forebears of ours. They set up our glorious, our long-lived civilization. When the Hebrews raided and plundered, did our forefathers talk of trade? No, they marched. They beat down the Flebrews. We can beat them down again."
"Bravo!" Paltiel applauded. And

then, noticing his cup still empty "What's come over you, girl?" He turned back to the young man. "That is how the Seren of Ashkelon spoke. 'War,' he said. 'Litter the ground with their dead. Be on them before they know we have come, O King of Gath.'"

"Is it to be war then?" the girl's voice said at his elbow, breathlessly.

He had forgotten her. Her eyes, he noticed, as he turned, were eager and her cheeks flushed. One echo of the trumpet, he thought a trifle con-temptuously, and all women, even Huldah, were alike.

"I could tell you that tonight, little ie," he told her. "Not now." one," he ton.
"Why not?"

"Because, little dove," he told her, "at that point, after the Seren of Ashkelon spoke, I was thrust out, Ashkelon spoke. expelled, requested to leave. With the Serens all at variance, the Council

"Then, how will you, a charioteer, come to know what is determined?"

"Because the king talks, Light of my Eyes. Even a king must have someone to talk to." Paltiel leaned close across the counter. "Tonight in the great the counter.

square, at first dusk? To hear whether

it be peace or war?"

To his surprise the girl hesitated, her face averted, her eyes veiled, and with a sudden in-catching of his breath, the young Philistine realized that this Huldah, this girl on whom his good looks and his exalted position had seemed to make no impression, was actually considering the proposal.

"Your mother can look after the tavern," he urged.

She glanced toward the door of the

inner room.

"Agreed," she said.

"The square? At first dusk?"

It shouldn't have meant so much to him. He straightened. He glanced hastily at the others in the tavern nastily at the others in the tavern and it was an instinct to conceal the deep feeling within him. He saluted. "Till dusk, Light of my Eyes." He went out the doorway. The

girl watched him go and, for an instant, as Maoch and the slender young man turned on each other about the Hebrews, shouting, there was a touch of fondness in her face. Then her features sharpened slightly. She glanced at her customers, as though wondering how long it would be before she could slip

ALTIEL, walking soberly down the street, crowded at this hour of late afternoon, scarcely noted the vendors bawling their wares or the men and women chaffering and chat-ting while dogs and children dodged in and out. There was the girl tonight, and what would she be like? There was the possibility of war, and would it come?

He hoped it would. When the Canaanites had held the hill country, so nis father had told him, they and the Philistines had traded peaceably. These Hebrews, though—turbulent, fanatical, uncivilized—give them an inch and they took a league.

He had come into the great square. He stopped. There, in the open space, pitch-men were crying their goods: here a juggler threw up his colored balls and there a storyteller spun his wondrous yarns. About them all vibrated the restless, the curious, the cosmopolitan throng. His heart swelling with pride, he glanced at the great temple of Dagon. He looked at the theatre area and the great stone steps leading up to the Hall of Council with its two rows of bronze-corseleted soldiers, their broadswords held before

them, motionless, points downward.

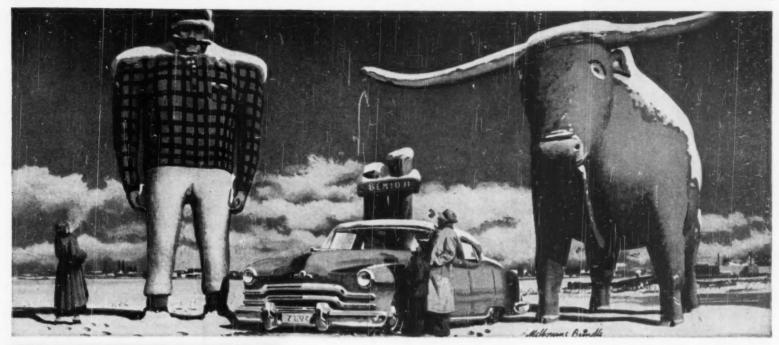
Gath, city of the Philistines, he thought. Gath, one of the five great cities in which his people lived and worked and played and knew culture, a busy civilization that the Hebrews were incapable of either understanding or appreciating. What chance would those herdsmen, those shepherds have against the disciplined might of the Philistines? Why did the Seren of Gaza, why did any of the Serens hesitate?

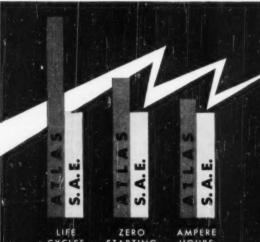
Proud, assured, he started through the throng toward the great stone steps

ATER, that evening, he sat on Hall ATER, that evening, he say wordered if the girl were coming. Dusk had long since fallen. Across the deserted square the temple of the Dagon reared itself into a sky of dark-velvet blue. Did Dagon, he wondered idly, really walk abroad at night? Was his power, when the Philistines went forth to battle, really poured into the statue that was carried with the army, just as the Hebrews believed that their God, Yahweh, put His force into His ark?

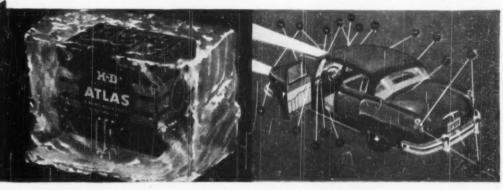
And then he saw the girl, hurrying into the square between the temple Continued on page 48

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Continued from page 46 and the theatre. Paltiel got quickly to his feet as he saw her.

"Come," he said. He slipped an arm about her and found her trembling like a leaf in the wind. It stirred the oddest feeling in him, one he had never experienced before, as though he wanted to protect her. "Come," he said again, a trifle brusquely.

THEY were at a table in a corner of the low-pillared room. At the far side were the steps down which they had come. Across the wall on cushions or against pillars so that none could come up behind them or at low tables like their own were the others who had thronged into this Tavern of the Seven Eyes in the Street of the Roisterers. From the kitchen at the back, carrying goblets filled with wine or Egyptian beer and platters heaped with lamb or sweetmeats or fruits, the slaves bustled to and fro, avoiding the open space. In that open space, to the sound of drums and pipes and strings wailing and throbbing, a troupe of dancers moved in a slow, a sinuous dance out of Egypt.

It was something Huldah had never seen and he watched her as she stared, her eyes wide, her lips half parted.

The music changed. The dancers swung into a swirling, a wilder desert dance. The dancers finished and two boxers came into the centre space, leather helmets on their heads and leather thongs bound over their fists and arms up to the elbows. Paltiel sensed that Huldah stirred at

his side. She spoke. "You haven't told me yet."

The boxers had drawn a line and set their toes to it while they waited for the judge's signal, their left arms extended, their right fists drawn back.

"What, little dove?" he asked. Her fingers had found the amulet he wore about his neck, a tiny golden fish, sacred to Dagon, hung on a golden chain. She played with it.

"Is it peace?"
"No, war." The boxers sprang into action; from all sides of the cellar there came the shouts and groans of those favoring the one or the other.
"War," he went on. "The Serens of Gaza and Ashdod are against it. They'll Ashkelon, though, are for it. That is enough for Achish." He paused and with his free hand lifted his wine cup. "When a man you have trusted, little one, makes a fool of you, as this David has done with Achish, it leaves a bitter-

There was a little shiver of the body within the circle of his arm and, thinking it was because one boxer had beaten down the other, or, else, perhaps—and even this much modesty was new to Paltiel—because he himself would be off to war, he tightened his grasp.
"Will it be soon?" she asked.

"Even now our messengers ride forth," he told her, watching the fallen boxer carried off amid curses and cheers. "Soon, soon, these Hebrews will learn

that we are the lions and when we roar

that we are the lions and when we roar
the jackals slink back to their holes."
"Where will you strike?" she asked.
"Up north? Toward Gilboa again?"
It was a natural, an innocent question. He laughed. "That is what the
Hebrews would like to know."
He felt her body stiffen. "You mean
you won!" tell me?"

vou won't tell me?

"It is to surprise them," he explained. "So it must be kept secret."

"But you know?" 'I know

Abruptly and decisively she freed

he self. She sat up. To his amazement he siw that her eyes were flashing. "So you think, perhaps," she said coldly, "that if you tell me, I'll run off and tell the Hebrews."





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He burst into laughter. He stopped her. It would make no difference, really. Yet, only the Serens and Achish the Serens and Achish and him-

"Look, little one," he said, leaning toward her, "because of our chariots the Hebrews dare not meet us in the plain. So we must go into the hills after them. That's not easy. Our one advantage is that, since they do not know where we will strike, they must keep their forces scattered until we're upon them. Thus, we can choose our spot and be in the heart of the hills before they can mass to oppose us. Now, do you understand why it must be kept a secret?"

It was as if she hadn't heard him. He picked up a date that had been dipped in honey. In the centre space the music hit one note and waited till a girl stepped out. She was a slim girl, and bore herself with pride.

"Dioche," Paltiel explained to Huldah. "She dances the old dances, the dances that centuries ago our ancestors danced in the isle in the Great Sea before the barbarians came.

Huldah did not answer him; she was as withdrawn as if he were not there. as windrawn as if he were not there.

The music began, a measured, stately cadence, and Dioche lifted a knee and pointed a toe and moved. When she danced, Paltiel thought obscurely, it made you think of wind-swept reeds, or of the soft eye-music of graceful, swaying boughs. He slipped his arm about the girl again. It was as though

about the girl again. It was as though her waist were of bronze. "Oh, all right," he said. "You mustn't breathe it to any—" "No," she said. "Don't tell me. Don't tell me if it's such a secret."

"Into the Vale of Rephaim. That's where we march."

"You're just telling me that," she d. her waist still unvielding. "You said, her waist still unyielding. "You could tell me anything and I wouldn't know. The Vale of Rephaim! Why not to the north where the caravans go? Why not to Gilboa again, through the heart of Israel? You needn't think I'm that foolish."

He took away his arm. "Naturally. you are wiser than our generals," he said coldly. "Naturally you wouldn't see that this time we must split Israel off from Judah, strike right through to Bethlehem and divide their country and their forces—then crush whichever we will, Judah or Israel, and threaten this Jerusalem as well. Naturally you, a tavern girl, know better than Achish, King of Gath and victor of Gilboa

She turned her face to him, and he saw that she was hurt.
"What is it?" he asked. "What

troubles you?

"You called me a tavern-girl! Not joking. Meaning it!"

So that was all the secret had meant to her.

'And I thought you liked me!" "I do!" he protested, "I do!" And he did, he realized, completely

And he did, he realized, completely and devastatingly.

Wh n, late that night, he said farewel, it was with the promise that they would meet again.

"Every night until we march," he said. He kissed her. "Even then it won't be long. These Hebrews—they

cannot stand up to us, the Philistines."
"May you be safe," she whispered.

LONG after he had gone Huldah watched the deserted street. Then, wearily, reluctantly, she let herself in. The door of the inner room was open and through it shone a feeble light. She walked in. Her mother, a gaunt, grim woman, raised herself on the pallet bed, on one elbow.

'You found out?" she asked

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RANGE-GREASE

removed

Huldah nodded.

"Yahweh be praised. But is what you have learned certain?" "War," Huldah told her. "Into the Vale of Rephaim. And I am certain, mother.'

In precise terms she explained why.
"At once," the mother said when her
daughter had finished. "This must be

passed on to Bani at once. Tonight."

"The great gates are closed."
"Bani will get a man over the wall tonight somehow. Can't you see, Huldah, if these are the Philistine's plans, every moment counts?"

The girl sat silent. In this moment she was not so sure either of her mission or of her triumph. She stared at the tiny light of the wick floating in its bath of olive oil.

"I will go," she said.

IN THE morning the host of the Philistines would march. They sat, Paltiel and Huldah, in the tavern of the Seven Eyes, unaware of other people, the serving-slaves or the dancing-girls.

"We will be on them like wolves," he

boasted to her. "They will flee like sheep.'

Her fingers had found the tiny golden fish, symbol of Dagon. "You'll be careful? You won't take risks?" "I swear it," he said. "By this

fish of Dagon, God of the Deep, I swear And now, you swear, too. "What should I swear?"

"That you will wait until I return."
"I swear it," she said. "I swear it."
"Not enough," he said, half in earnest. "All those men coming into that tavern of yours. No, by this golden fish of Dagon, swear it by that.

She could not. That was her first panic-stricken thought. She was sworn

to her own god, Yahweh, by oath.
"No," she said. "No. You'll have
to trust me."

A hot quick flush stained his cheek He started to get up. "By Dagon, if

you've been fooling me—"
"No," she cried, catching at him and pulling him back. "It's not that. By Yahweh-

She stopped, appalled. He stayed where he was, half risen, half sitting, staring down at her.
"A Hebrew!"

"Yes," she admitted. And then, desperately: "I was going to tell you, I swear it. By Yahweh—"

"So that's why you questioned me." he said, the veins in his temple swelling. "That's why you wanted all the plans, the strategy of Achish." He sat down and his hand went to his side and flashed back and there was his dagger point pricking against her skin. "What did you do with what you learned? Tell me!"

"I passed it on," she whispered.
"Has it reached David?"
"I'm not sure. It ought to have. By

this time."
"I ought to slay you! By Dagon, I will slay you! To pretend you loved me and then-

He stopped - stared at her. She

spread her hands wide.

"Hear me, Paltiel. You know me as a tavern-girl. Once I lived in the hills. Once I played in the dusty street of the tiny village of my birth. And then, one day, the Philistines. I saw my father slashed down. I ran screaming to my mother

The dagger was drawn back, reluctantly

"Afterward, we were herded here," she went on, her eyes on his face, "my mother and I and the rest of the women and children. We were sold here, as slaves. My mother's master was kind. After a year or so he set her up in that tavern. But my mother couldn't forget. Continued on page 52



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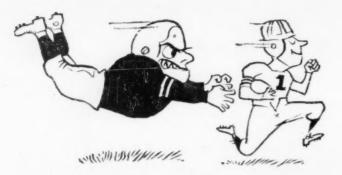
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Riches for the Little Rooster

Continued from page 11

played them through several times, using the audience reaction as a guide to revision and cutting. When people told him how wonderful "Tit-Coq" was he quizzed them for its faults. He spent hours digging through comments, asking friends to analyze the play and the acting. Then he added up all the criticisms and, where several people agreed on a point, he marked that down for serious study.

A Gamin from a Game

"Tit-Coq" is built around a soldier of illegitimate birth who, feeling his bastardy deeply, longs for a wife and family to give him the home life he has never known. How he finds the right girl, only to lose her to a civilian while he is overseas, and his subsequent fruitless struggle against the existing order of things, provides an ironic tragedy as moving as it is artistic. Written in the traditional French manner it keeps the audience laughing at the "little rooster's" dilemma until the final act, when their mirth is quickly converted to tears.

Canadien audiences found it moving and profound. From Prime Minister St. Laurent, who mentioned the play in the Fouse of Commons as an example of first-rate Canadian art, to simple country girls who wrote seeking advice, "Tit-Coq" has made its influence felt. Thousands of letters poured into Gélinas' Montreal studio, congratulating and thanking him. A Quebec City obstetrician wrote to say he had promptly adopted the next illegitimate infant he delivered after seeing the play.

After "Tit-Coq's" 100th performance the Dramatists' Society awarded Gélinas its cherished Grand Prix. Two days later Gélinas received the first honorary degree ever awarded a playwright for his work in this country—a doctorate of letters from the University of Montreal.

Success in his hometown was no novelty to Gélinas. For nearly 10 years his revues, featuring a puckish creation named "Fridolin," played to everincreasing aud ences in the 1,400-seat Monument National theatre. "Fridolin," a ragged gamin, grew from monologues Gélinas wrote and recited for the amusement of friends and relatives. He was first introduced to the public in 1937 when Gélinas was hired to write, produce and star in a weekly half-hour local comedy broadcast. Taking the character of his monologues as a starting point he fashioned a 14-year-old rowdy who threw satiric rocks at politics, religion, modern art, national unity, Canadians and Canadiens, pomposity and pretentiousness.

The program was a smashing success and moved the following year to a network spot, where the outrageous youngster was able to spread his heresies throughout the entire province of Quebec.

"One of the Great Talents"

During the early months of 1938, with money he had made from his radio program, Gélinas decided to finance a stage revue featuring "Fridolin." Carrying a slingshot and dressed in short pants, a tattered Montreal Canadien hockey sweater, running shoes and a battered peak cap he sparked a variety show which featured monologues, songs, high - kicking chorines, and humorous sketches of Canadien life. In his first attempt

Gélinas extended an expected oneweek engagement to 25 performances, establishing a new record for variety in Canada.

After three years Gélinas couldn't continue both radio program and the revue. He took the gamble and decided on theatre full time and the long shot paid off. During the years 1940-46 "Fridolinons" grew to 75 performances in Montreal and Quebec City, playing to nearly 105,000 cash customers a year. The little roughneck had parlayed \$250 a week into an estimated yearly net of up to \$75,000.

This would probably have been enough to satisfy most revue artists but Gélinas felt a strong challenge to transcend the purely local fame imposed by language. That is probably the reason he allowed Eddie Dowling, a New York producer, to talk him into accepting (at a mere \$1,000 a week) a supporting role in "St. Lazare's Pharmacy," a tepid drama designed as a comeback vehicle for Miriam Hopkins. The ill-fated production closed in Chicago 14 weeks after its December, 1945, Montreal opening, but not before Chicago's critics had time to label Gélinas "one of the great talents of our contemporary stage."

Gélinas has worked with singular purpose and industry for 14 years toward one goal—establishing Gratien Gélinas as a significant force in a living Canadien theatre. To his task he brings unerring theatre sense plus a microscopic study of every angle—artistic and commercial—that might improve his work, his reputation, his chance of ultimate success.

Chaplin Is His Champion

Last winter, when he was preparing the text of his play for publication in book form, he spent about six months editing and changing phrases, checking and rechecking idioms to make sure they would be understood in France as well as Canada. He hired four proofreaders to check the plates of his book, then went over every page himself. The first printing of 10,000 sold out 48 hours after it reached the booksellers. A second edition, the same size, was just off the press as this article was written. The standard printing of a book by a Canadian writer is 2,000 copies and anything over 5,000 sales considered a best seller.

copies and anything over 5,000 sales considered a best seller.

Offstage, the man who has created these records is a sincerely modest and retiring person. A wiry 5'3" and 120 lbs, his greatest physical asset is his face which is capable of expressing just about every emotion. His deep-brown eyes in a heavily furrowed face, highlighted by large flat cheekbones and a slightly retroussé nose, can startle with their penetrating frankness, wither with their disapproval, or warm with their twinkling good humor.

The essence of Gélinas' comedy is the near-tragic dilemma of the little man at odds with the world, exciting laughter which is never very far from tears. His ability to reduce audiences to helpless hilarity is no easy talent. From the broad comic sweep of an arm to the delicate nuance of a raised eyebrow, each movement, every line, is the product of exhaustive study, labor and research. No natural wit or glib gagster, Gélinas abhors Americanstyle comedy that depends strictly on superficial wisecracks. As "Fridolin" the humor of his monologues was based always on serio-comic situations—like the time "Fridolin" for weeks had interpreted every overheard remark as an indication that a mammoth surprise party was being planned for his birthday; then, when the day came, he was left alone, a cold supper in the icebox, his anniversary forgot-

ten altogether. Gélinas' comic ideal, to the surprise of no one, is the man to whom he is often compared, Charlie Chaplin.

Gélinas catches up on latest de relopments in international theatre by frequent visits to European and American drama centres. He admires the work being done in New York by Elia Kazan, director of "A Streetcar Named Desire," and by Joshua Logan, director of "South Pacific." His favorite entertainers include Chevalier, Sir Lawrence Olivier, Pierre Fresnay and Fred Barry (a Montreal actor who co-directs and plays in "Tit-Coq"). include Chevalier, Sir

Acting has been a rich dream for Gélinas ever since, as a boy who had scarcely learned to read, he picked up a book of monologues. His parents, poor simple-living Canadiens in Montreal's east end, were amused by their son's flair for recitation and indulged him in his "turns" at family gatherings. However, at the College of Brothers in St. Jerome, and later at the College of Montreal where he graduated with the equivalent of a senior matriculation, his occasional energetic assaults on bit parts in school plays (he was always considered too small for a leading role) added little to his stature as an actor.
When he eventually settled down to \$40-a-week job as accountant with a Montreal insurance firm his casual radio and stage acting appeared doomed to remain a hobby, his writing and reciting monologues a private diversion.

Then two newspapermen persuaded him to perform one of his monologues at a concert in 1936, thereby bringing public attention to Gélinas the comic. He's hardly ever been out of the public eye since

How (Not) to Do It

Gélinas is the father of six children-13-year-old girl, Sylvie, and five Pascal, Alain, Pierre, Yves and Michel, ages 3 to 12. His wife, a soft-spoken brunette, is the former Simone Lalonde, an actress who worked with Gratien when he toiled in a small part in Quebec's perennial soap opera, "Le Curé de Village." What little leisure time he has is spent with his family, adding to his motion-picture record of the children, or horseback riding on his five-acre wooded estate at He tries to spend at least three months each year taking it easy in the

Relaxation comes hard to Gélinas He has been known to corner friends at a party and keep them tied up all evening discussing theatre business. One friend says: "We love him dearly all of us. But it would do everyone so much good if he could turn off the machine just once in a while.'

Gélinas has no hobbies. He says. "Acting is a hobby with so many people, I feel I don't need one. It's like having a wife and a mistress in the same person." He loves classical music (has it playing most of the time he is and reads just about every writing) play published in English and French. His favorite modern playwrights in-clude Marcel Pagnol, T. S. Eliot, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams He also reads many books on the art of writing plays.

During a visit to New York in 1947 Gélinas looked up the author of one of his favorite "how-to-do-it" books to discuss the outline of the then-unwritten "Tit-Coq." The expert read the outline with interest, then patiently explained why it was all wrong, how it did not conform to any accepted formula for successful playwrighting, how, if ever it was produced, it would lay a king-sized egg. That interview cost Gélinas \$50 and six weeks of sleepless nights. But, luckily, he ignored the expert and went ahead with his play.

Unlike the usual artist who knows nothing about money Gélinas learned the intricacies of accounting in a -year trick at night school while working as a \$10-a-week blanket clerk in a Montreal department store. During his shows, with a staff of more than 60 (he has five permanent employees), he hires a full-time ac-countant to handle the books, but his eye traveling over a balance sheet will sometimes spot a transposed figure that's worried the professional hours.

Gratien Gélinas' organization is probably unique in modern big-time theatre. In spite of the financial perils generally associated with theatrical ventures he has succeeded in forg-ing ahead completely independent of backers. Today, as when he started with his first "Fridolinons" revue, he owns himself, lock, stock and box office. As his own backer-producer he is able to enjoy complete freedom of action, a freedom that's almost an obsession with him.

His business headquarters is a twofloor apartment and studio in Montreal's St. Denis Street. Here he writes much of his material, will sometimes coop himself up for days.

His Wildest Dream

Most of the studio is devoted to a carpenter shop, where his sets and properties are built, and a five-set rehearsal hall, acoustically treated with old cardboard egg cartons. working at top nervous pitch during his rehearsals, Gélinas is an exacting perfectionist, sometimes drilling his players to the point of exhaustion. He has been known to burst into tears when he couldn't get a proper inter-pretation. He sometimes gives vent to his rare displays of temperament, outbreaks for which he is invariably apologetic once they have passed.

By Canadian theatre standards Gélinas pays his actors well; some g substantially upward from a \$100 weekly minimum for seven performances

Any summary of Gélinas' future plans must be based on the assumption he will consider the revised English version of "Tit-Coq" good enough after its Montreal reopening with three important cast changes to take on tour this year. As a matter of principle Gélinas refused to make that assumption in advance. But if things go as everyone (except Gélinas) confidently predicts they will, Toronto may get a look at the new work before Christmas, then Ottawa, and possibly Chicago, before a New York opening early in 1951. After New York Gélinas would likely bring the show back to Canada and tour it in English and French through as many cities as possible. London and Paris would come next, before he converts the script into a movie scenario and sets out to start all over again.

Gélinas' friends refuse to believe he will be swallowed up by New York or Hollywood. He has made it quite clear that no matter what success "Tit-Coq" may have in the States his country is Canada and his home is Montreal.

This spring, while he was touring New York's theatres trying to decide which one he'd like for "Tit-Coq," Gratien Gélinas told a friend: "Fifteen years ago I used to walk past the front of the Monument National in Montreal and think it would fill my wildest dreams if I could walk on that stage in a bit part. Now I am asked to pick my own theatre in New York. Does it

It shouldn't. But it does.



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COMPANY LIMITED

Continued from page 49 I couldn't forget, either. Now, can you understand?"

His forehead was corrugated. What was he to do? he asked himself desperately. Achish had confided in him; should he tell Achish that, unwittingly, he had betrayed him? He could imagine how Achish would look at him from those heavy-lidded eyes.

those heavy-lidded eyes.

It was like death to imagine it. Perhaps, he caught at the hope, the message to David had not got through. Or, if it had, was it so terrible? The main thing was to meet the Hebrews in battle. That was what Achish himself had said. In battle, as at Gilboa, Achish had said, their army would cut through them as though they were the cheese of the goats the Hebrews milked. No, he could risk not telling.

milked. No, he could risk not telling.

He got up heavily. He stared down at Huldah, thinking with part of his mind that he ought to have remembered how many of the Hebrews, over the long decades, had infiltrated Gath.

the long decades, had infiltrated Gath.
"I shall not slay you," he said. "But
when I return—" He paused and then
the words rushed forth. "I was going
to wed with you. Wed with you! Now,
by Dagon, when I return, I shall buy
you from your master. You shall be
my bond-maid, not my wife!"

my bond-maid, not my wife!"
She looked up at him, steadily.
"Gladly will I be your bond-maid, my beloved, so long as Yahweh brings you back to me. That is all I ask. Let Yahweh bring you back!"

PALTIEL shouted to the panting horses. Fiercely, unswervingly, he drove them on to the ranks of the lean, grim-bearded men who barred the way to Gath. Behind him came all that were left of the other chariots. There was a crash and then they were amidst the Hebrews, the horses kicking and plunging, Paltiel stabbing with the blood-stained spear in his right hand, and behind him Achish slashing right and left with his great broadsword. Suddenly they were through and the other chariots with them and this mass

other charlots with them and this mass
of Hebrews at least was shattered.
Paltiel reined up the almost exhausted horses on the crest of the
saddle of ground. He started to wheel
them round.

"Wait," Achish said.

Paltiel looked at his king. The golden helmet was dented, the golden plumes on the one side had been shorn off, and the bronze corselet was slashed and hacked.

It was the face that held Paltiel's gaze. The King of Gath was a majestic man, a man whose face never betrayed emotion. At this moment, though, as he looked back at the battle, that face was distorted and anguished.

Paltiel looked back, too. Down there, in the swell of the valley, hemmed in by the stony, pitiless hills, the proud host of the Philistines was melting away. Many of them littered the ground between here and Bethlehem. A few clusters were still fighting and the hot sun winked on points of steel. But the main mass of the footmen was already dissolved in flight, throwing away their arms, a panic-stricken horde streaming toward the way of escape that chariots had just opened. On their flanks and rear the hillmen hung like wolves.

hung like wolves.

It sent a rush of blood to Paltiel's head, so bitter was it to see. Once again he started to jerk the horses round. Achish stayed him and his face was call a rush.

was calm again.
"No use, Paltiel. The battle is lost.
All we can do is to keep open the way

of escape."

The weight of his guilt, unconfessed, was almost more than he could bear. When, a fortnight ago, they had flooded into the Vale of Rephaim and found the Hebrews forewarned—the villages deserted, the flocks and herds driven off, the wells fouled, all sustenance for man and beast destroyed—he had wanted to tell.

There had still been a hope. Let the battle but come.

There was no battle. There were arrows and flung stones and javelins from behind every rock and shrub and when you charged the men were not there. There were sudden swoops from the gullies and down the rocky slopes to cut and slash and away again where the chariots could not follow. There were raids by night.

They had pressed on. They had seized Bethlehem. Ravaging far and Continued on page 54



MACLEAN'S

"But it COULDN'T be Mrs. Harrison - she's always so LIVELY!"

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

YOU can rack your brains figuring out fancy treats to put variety into your menus. Or, you can make meal-planning a cinch-getting variety from your baker's tray. For instance, at breakfast, give your family a treat with good, old-fashioned Cinnamon Buns. At lunch, please the hungry hordes with plump, tasty Jelly Doughnuts. At night, splurge with a rich, tempting Chocolate Cake. Yes, your baker has the variety you need-in Breads, Sweet Goods and Cakes-all freshly-baked! Share your burden with your baker-let him be your menu-maker.





supplies appetizing variety, in daily bread-White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

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Continued from page 52 they had tried to force, to tempt the Hebrews to massed battle until, supplies exhausted, Achish had reluctantly given the order to withdraw. And then, suddenly, today, the Philistines drawn out in long column, the massed might of David had poured down the hills on either side, fierce howling men that kept their ranks. It was the Philistines who had broken, not the hillmen.

The first rush of fugitives reached the saddle and swept on over it, running like rabbits for Gath. The shame of it made Paltiel grit his teeth. Back there, too, were their gods, sitting on the wagons that had brought them. "Can we not do anything?" he begged

of Achish.

The king shook his head.

The king shook his head. "One charge, perhaps. One charge to make those Hebrews pause. That is all." To go back to Gath, beaten, Paltiel was thinking. To face Huldah, to see in her eyes that Yahweh, her God, had ner eyes that Yahweh, her God, had triumphed. To know that the Philis-tines, for all their splendor, their vaunted civilization, had grown too weak, too soft to defend themselves. "Now, I think," Achish said. He raised his sword as Paltiel wheeled the

horses. He shouted to his chariots. One or two began to turn around reluc-

"One charge," Achish shouted pow-fully. "Let these Hebrews see that there are still men among the Philis-

"Look," someone shouted. "Look!" They looked. Farther down the pass toward Gath, among a clump of mulberry trees on the right, was a glimmer of arms.

"The Hebrews," someone shouted. And another cried, "They will cut us

And suddenly, as if at a signal, there was a rattling of wheels, a clattering of grooves as the chariots, too, were off, plunging, panic-stricken, toward Gath. Achish looked at the Hebrews, who had

paused to form ranks before they faced

Ma

the chariots.

"If David had not been forewarned," he said, as though to himself. And then to Paltiel: "Drive back, Paltiel." It was abruptly too much. Deliber-

ately, quietly Paltiel gave the reins to Achish. He took up his spear and picked up his shield. He got down without a word. Steadily, step by step. he went down the slope toward the grim ranks that waited. Achish watched him a moment. Then, with a sigh, he turned the steeds. He started back

WAS in his third campaign that David, the Anointed of Yahweh, captured Gath, chief city of the Philistines. What his feelings were as he rode, conqueror, through the gates of the city to which he had once come a friendless fugitive or, when at the top of the steps of the Hall of Council, he descried the dead body of Achish, once his benefactor, no one of his entourage could tell. But among the Hebrews of Gath who had gathered in the great square, triumphant, to welcome the Sweet Singer, the Favored of the Lord, was one girl who, as she looked, did not know how she felt. There was the triumph of her people and of Yahweh who had proved himself the one true There was vengeance, too, ven geance on this proud race for that terrible day in the hill village years ago, and she'd had a part in bringing that vengeance to pass

But there was Paltiel, dead.
Was it a sin to have loved Paltiel? Was it a sin to think of him now?
She did not know. Yet, as she

turned blindly to her mother and felt her mother's arms around her and heard her mother whispering: "Now-now we shall return to Israel," there was a wonder in her heart if Paltiel, alive, would not have been worth all the vengeance, all the triumph.

She did not know. She could never

CARTOON CANTOS

By Graham Hunter



There's not much on the party line She's missed in twenty years; The wear and tear must be immense On one poor pair of ears.

Merchant of Mink

Continued from page 15

No interruption from you. Then

you take your turn."

"Fine," agreed Cohen, and he listened for an hour while Creed held forth. When Creed finally paused for breath Cohen said, "Well, now I'll tell you what I think."

"I'm not interested in what you think," said Creed and stomped out of

Some of Jack Creed's grand blunders are by now legendary and accepted as the eccentricities of a shrewd trades-man, but one early publicity stunt

Imost wrecked his career.

Having learned his trade in Europe he remembered that a lot of the good fashion houses used to parade their wares on the race tracks. He hired 10 models, draped them in his best furs and faunched them at Toronto's Woodbine in the members' enclosure among his preferred prospects. rules say each member may buy only two guest tickets for the enclosure but Creed talked some of his friends into taking the models in as their guests.

As recalled by Mrs. Creed, the short, loquacious, housewifely woman whom Jack Creed met and married in Winnipeg, the girls were too highly lacquered extravagantly dressed to escape horrified notice. The more conservative members stormed at this infringement of the rules and subsequently staged a short-duration boycott of Creed's shop. But next year Creed did it again, although, says his wife, "We washed their

faces this time.

Creed's models continue to mingle with Woodbine members annually and other fashion houses, such as Holt Renfrew and Eatons, occasionally send their own clothes horses to the post. "But everybody thinks they are all our girls, anyhow," Mrs. Creed says. His more refined clients sometimes

find Creed's manner startling. He will stroll into his fur salon on the second floor of the shop, or into one of poky dressing rooms, cigarette dangling from his mouth. His memory of names is conveniently conscious of client-preference. He undulates from newish clients to whom he will say, "Come, come, help me, what is your name again?" to customers such as name again?" to customers such as Mrs. Herbert Bruce, wife of an ex-lieutenant-governor of Ontario, who get the ambassadorial treatment with red carpets and homage. In between are clients who either prefer, or have accepted, his first-names terms.

One customer remembers Creed painstakingly fitting her with a mink coat, pinning and repinning, trying to reach the perfection of line and effect which has brought him the standing he enjoys. But this particular coat was enjoys. set to foil him and finally he jerked off a sleeve, and threw it on the floor and stomped away shouting, "Make her another coat. A completely new coat." The elegant wife of a well-known

Toronto corporation executive tells one on herself. She went to see Creed one day with her silver fox jacket. "What would you do with this?" she asked Creed

Jack Creed stared at the garment morosely. "Have you got an attic?" he asked finally. Surprised, the customer said she had. "Take the jacket," Creed said, "climb three floors, open your attic window, and pitch it out."

A good 80% of his steady customers have at one time left the store swearing never to return when Creed has adam-antly refused to fall in with their suggestions. He doesn't mince words in these arguments. "I want my clients to have the best," he says. "If neces-sary, I am going to make them have only the best." While he has never been heard to confess that the customer is always right, at Christmas time he throws a cocktail party for preferred clients and all is forgiven.

People in the trade report that Creed unfailingly buys only the very best in furs. Furriers buy their raw materials direct from fur traders, or more often at either of two big annual fur auctions in Montreal-the Canadian Fur Auction and the Hudson's Bay Auction.

Last year the top price for a beaver skin at the Montreal fur auction was \$108, paid by Creed, and about 10 of go into a Creed beaver coat. Labrador mink brought \$75 to \$80 per Rabrador mink brought \$75 to \$80 per skin, and a mink coat requires 100 skins. According to trade sources Creed uses an average 15% more skins than most furriers. He is prodigal in clipping valuable edges clean and discarding skins which he does not think match perfectly. This, plus his flair for design and his workmanship, avaluate why extensive why contains the con explains why customers put up with Creed and his prices. Creed will pay upward of \$150 a week for a first-rate mink cutter, while \$125 would be tops for the same job in the average fur shop

All this adds up to prices as fancy as the furs. Jack Creed will be glad to make you a Russian sable for about s30,000. A Labrador mink could run you around \$15,000, a common ordin-ary mink from \$4,000 to \$10,000, depending on whether it's wild or ranch-bred. Chinchillas are so rare there are no comparative prices—you might get one for \$30,000. Ermine wraps start from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

Vests For Chilly Sailors

Barely beneath these aristocrats in furs are beaver, kolinsky (a Russian mink), broadtail (unborn lamb) and Alaska seal. The next strata include grey lamb coats (from \$1,000 to \$2,300), nutria, and otter. Creed prefers to deal in these expensive furs. However he can sometimes be prevailed on to make a coat of black Persian lamb, Hudson seal or one of the novelty furs such as leopard and ocelot.

Jack Creed is unusually prodigal

with his masterpieces. Recently in a serious motor accident. When he recovered he immediately sent a present of a coon coat to the doctor who patched him up. Somewhat later he found out two doctors had had a hand in the job. The other one got a coon coat too

He recalls having given four mink coats to charitable organizations for raffles during the war, one of which raised \$90,000 for the Red Cross. He also organized a donation of 20 fur coats from Ontario furriers for an IODE raffle. During the war he started the fur-vests-for-sailors campaign. Most of his old customers responded nobly with donations of their tired old fur coats which Creed converted into fur-lined vests free of charge. The idea caught on so well the government finally took it over.

Dwarfing this campaign, however, was Creed's drive to collect old clothes for the Russians, then our allies. He turned his shop into an old clothes establishment, filled it and his storage plant, too, then rented a large, old building at Yonge and Bloor which was also jam-packed within days. rented a huge storehouse farther up Yonge and, with Simpson's loaning their trucks to pick up donations, stuffed this storehouse, too. The old clothes shipments to Russia were counted in tons.

During the war Jack Creed designed the uniforms for the Canadian Women's Army Corps—this one won a prize in an international competition

"7 hours in water left me dry!"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS, co-starring with Howard Keel in MGM's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"



If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song," Some days I was in water 7 full hours!



The salt water left my skin feeling dry and rough . . .



But soothing Jergens Lotion (from fingertips to toes) . . .



Kept my skin smooth and soft for romantic close-ups.



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CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST? To soften, a lotion or cream

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Prove it with this simple test described above . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world



By barrel, by ship, and long rail haul.

In the early days of the Mutual Life of Canada, few people realized the vast riches that would be wrested from this great Canadian land. Oil for lubrication and light had to come by ship and rail from other countries, perhaps to be hauled by horse or man to its ultimate destination. Now enterprising investment is working great changes.



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

held in London—the Wrens and the women's division of the R.C.A.F.

women's division of the R.C.A.F.

Sometimes his sales methods have been as unorthodox as his personal behavior. The late W. B. Cleland, president of Seagram's, a show-horse breeder, found a unique way of doing business with Creed when the latter bought a farm and became interested in horses. He'd trade. A friend remembers a long-distance telephone conversation which went something like this.

tion which went something like this.

Cleland: "Look here, Creed, I think you still owe me for the hind legs of that horse."

that horse."

Creed: "All right, send your wife down for a coat on Monday."

Another time the Toronto Junior League put on a benefit fashion show and Creed's, among other Toronto fashion houses, exhibited dresses and furs. All Creed's costumes were made for and exhibited by the Junior Leaguers themselves. Creed suggested to a husband who'd come to pick up his model wife, "These things look so nice on your wife I think you ought to buy them for her."

"How much?" asked the husband, but when Creed named his price he said, "Nothing doing. Why these are devaluated clothes. In the first place 30,000 people have seen them already. Worse—My wife's friends have seen them!"

Creed didn't hesitate a moment, but took the husband's offer of 10 cents on the dollar.

A New Life With \$3

Creed's memory plays tricks about his birthplace. He recalls it as France these days, but the official record says Russia, 1890. He prefers not to disclose his original name, for he probably adopted his present one from the famous London firm of Creeds. He went to work at seven or eight as a furriers apprentice in his native village in western Russia. His fingers were nimble, his eye sharp for a good line, and he liked the work. Besides such natural ability, he'll say today, you need only to be "gifted, honest, ambitious and very talented."

Early in his teens he decided the scope in Russia was too limited, which was when he started walking toward Paris. It took him two years.

He reached Paris during a serious labor shortage and landed a job the first day at the famous fashion house called Gallerie Lafayette. Later he was a designer with Robert Leba, in Switzerland, a house which catered only to queens, duchesses, and princesses. He worked in most of the big western European cities before he left for America about 1905. Today he isn't quite certain of the date.

He landed in New York with \$3 in

He landed in New York with \$3 in his pocket, rented a room for \$1 a month, and put an advertisement in the newspaper to the effect that a tailor, designer, fitter and furrier par excellence had just arrived from Paris. He got a job at the then fabulous salary of \$30 a week, worked it up to \$75 a week in a year, and decided to have a look at Canada.

For a time he worked on Toronto's Spadina Avenue but his itchy foot took him to Winnipeg where Mrs. Alfred Rogers, owner of a creamery, staked him to \$250 with which he opened Creeds and Co., women's wear. In Winnipeg he married and the Creeds had their first child, Donna, who is now married to Paul Sherman, assistant conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra. But two years after arriving in Winnipeg he headed back to Toronto.

With \$160 he had in his pocket he rented a couple of rooms in a house on Bloor Street and started all over again.



To-day, miles of pipe line carry it swiftly.

Canada's newest pipe line will transport 129,950 barrels of oil a day, through 1,150 miles from the oil fields of the west to the consuming centres of industry. While providing protection for our homes and families, life insurance companies like the Mutual Life of Canada also make capital available for such projects which benefit us all.

Truly, The Mutual has grown with Canada.



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

Mrs. Creed, the baby and his customers mingled in pleasant confusion in his workshop. But his flair and courage paid off. Today, besides his business had owns a town house in the once swans and still refined Rosedale district, a handsome farm half an hour out of Toronto and a 52-foot pleasure yach on Georgian Bay.

on Georgian Bay.

In the early 20's Mrs. Creed decided to branch out with accessories as a side-line. Her astute buying has made the specialty shop as successful as her husband's fur and tailoring departments. She confesses to only one costly mistake and that occurred on her first overseas buying trip, when she purchased yards of those long strings of pearls, the kind that were knotted twice and hung to the waist, "We still have some of them," she laughs.

You Need An Introduction

Son Eddie, 27 and a dark, good looking ex-Navy type, has also learned the business by making his own mistakes. When he spotted a line of women's straw hats in New York last spring which he thought the perfect thing to ward off hot northern suns he brought back 500 of them.

"We sold about three," he says ruefully. "However, every year we have a big corn roast for our best customers—friends, that is—at our farm near Woodbridge. The hats will go as favors to the guests this year."

Creed's store has moved from Bloor Street to Yonge Street and back to Bloor. The shop is due to shift again soon to a location somewhat west of the present spot but still on Bloor. This prospect doesn't please Jack Creed.

prospect doesn't please Jack Creed.
"These days such a lot of people walk right in off the street," says his wife. "Our clients don't like it and Mr. Creed would prefer to move to an exclusive district."

When it was pointed out that Bloor Street is now so much the fashionable shopping centre that Morgan's of Montreal have moved in, Mrs. Creed stated firmly, "Where Creed's is the street will be."

That Creed's manages to remain exclusive in spite of the "people who walk right in off the street" is due not only to the prices but to the fact an unknown customer can reportedly wait indefinitely for service. Eddie Creed has been trying to break down this aspect of the family business; but you still do better if you arrive armed with an introduction from a well-known sponsor to a salesgirl, who herself may be the haughty daughter of a long-standing Creed's client.

A Chef With Scissors

Meanwhile, Creed's Jack Creed continues to bounce briskly about his exclusive premises so relentlessly each day that under the worn leather couch in his small office he keeps a couple of extra pairs of shoes to rest his feet.

Certainly he never fails to keep a sharp eye on everything that goes on in the fur salon, certain that only he can really tell what's right. He'll stalk into a fitting room, replace the cigarette in his mouth with a handful of pins, and fit the coat molds himself, meanwhile giving his customers the benefit of his culinary knowledge. "Now, if you really want a good salad you will follow this. Take greens, all sorts; take two hard-boiled eggs; smash, and I mean smash, the white and yellow separately; take a bowl . . ."

Once at a Fur Farmers' Association convention, stocky Jack Creed delivered his own summing up of Jack Creed: "I am a man who loves beautiful things. I love beautiful furs. Beautiful cars. Beautiful women."

CANADA PRODUCES NEWSPRINT FOR ALL THE WORLD



In all likelihood, the newspaper you read is printed on Canadian newsprint; for Canada produces 4 times as much newsprint as any other country in the world. 3 out of every 5 newspaper pages throughout the world are Canadian paper.

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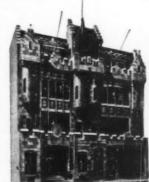
This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated through-

out the world.

The House of Seagram believes that to help promote the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets is in the best interests of every Canadian. The more that other countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of Canadian products, the more likely they are to buy from us. That is why The House of Seagram is publishing this advertising campaign throughout the world.

Honoured the world over, the reputation of Seagram's

V.O. Canadian Whisky is founded on the Seagram tradition of craftsmanship and integrity. These same qualities are inherent in all brands of whisky bearing the famous Seagram name—Seagram's Crown Royal, Seagram's "V.O.", Seagram's "83", Seagram's King's Plate, Seagram's Special Old, Seagram's Three Star.



The House of Seagram



Few Christmas gifts can compare with Birks Sterling . . . for each piece has a timeless beauty that grows lovelier with each passing year. You'll be delighted at the wide range of values from our own Silver Craftshop . . .

Matching suite, sterling silver stands with etched glass linings, securely attached but also removable. Priced individually—Cocktail 8.25—Goblet 13.75—Sherbet 11.00—Liqueur 6.75—Sherry 8.25.

Mayonnaise Bowl and Ladle; diameter 43/4-inch	20.00	
Butter Dish: diameter 5%-inch	13,00	
Comport: diameter 73/s-inch	28.00	
Eight Tumbler Coasters in rack	25.30	
Bowl: diameter 8-inch	59.00	
Candlesticks: height 41/1 inch nair	22.00	



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Come Into Our New House

Continued from page 5

words the British, who are supposed to be a shy race, know all about pageantry. That is one reason why the British Houses of Parliament draw visitors from the four corners of the earth, while some other parliaments remain remote and detached from public interest.

The enormous advantage of the new Commons is that because of the cleverness of its design the member on his feet has a sense of intimate contact with his listeners, which does away with the temptation to treat them like an audience in a public hall. In other words you can speak as a director to his fellow directors, rather than to the shareholders. This is a subtle distinction but an important one.

Now I propose that, in celebration of this happy event, I shall take you on a personally conducted tour of the Houses of Parliament which have the official title of the Palace of Westminster. There is much to see and much to think about. When eventually you visit in London and make your way to Westminster you will not feel that you are visiting a strange or unfamiliar place. The great advantage of doing this on the basis of a correspondence course is that we shall be able to go right into the debating chambers instead of having to wait until Parliament has risen.

Perhaps then in this article we can approach the palace as an imaginary conducted party with the readers as the sight-seers and myself as the parliamentary guide.

Having gathered at the public entrance, which is just opposite St. Margaret's Westminster, we meet according to plan and are accompanied on the tour by a plain-clothes policeman in case any of the visitors entertain unusual ideas of parliamentary reform such as those held by Guy Fawkes.

On our way to what is called the public lobby we pass through St. Stephen's Hall, now part of the corridor. This was originally St. Stephen's Chapel, founded by King Stephen early in the 12th century and partially destroyed by fire in 1298. Edward III rebuilt it but it was suppressed, like other free chapels, by Edward VI and given to parliament for its use.

Hats Off, Strangers!

In this hall (it is 95 feet long and 30 feet wide) took place many of the great parliamentary battles which were the birth pains of a mighty nation. It was here that parliament fought the long-drawn-out feud with Charles I. It was here that Burke pleaded the cause of the American colonists. Pitt and Fox measured swords in this place and Wilberforce fought the evils of slavery

Measured swords in this piace and Wilberforce fought the evils of slavery. As we pass through St. Stephen's you will notice statues of these historical parliamentary antagonists facing each other as though still engaged in ideological exposition and bitter controversy.

Now we are at the door of the public lobby and the policeman on guard, seeing you are properly escorted by an M.P., will offer no obstruction. Otherwise he would ask your business and indicate a desk where you could fill up a green card to send to your own M.P., although this would not necessarily ensure the immediate appearance of the gentleman in question. He may be making a speech, or he could be on a committee upstairs and unable to leave. There is also the possibility that he is not in the house at all, for parliament does not demand unbroken attendance.

The public lobby is like a neutral zone between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. From it are two corridors leading to the members' lobby of each house, but the public cannot enter these secret places unless escorted by a peer or an M.P. as the case might be.

On the other hand lobby correspondents of newspapers are permitted to mingle here with members and discuss the background to the legislation in hand. When a division is announced—that is, when a vote is to be taken—no stranger, not even a lobby correspondent or a member of the other house, is allowed to remain. This is to prevent undue pressure on members about to record their vote.

Each day's sitting of the House of Commons is begun by the procession of the Speaker, preceded by a messenger in official dress, the Sergeant-at-Arms wearing his sword and carrying the Mace over his shoulder, and by his train-bearer, his chaplain and his secretary. As the procession nears the public lobby the police shout, "Hats off, strangers!"—and to set a good example, remove their own helmets. Fortunately the order applies to men

The Speaker then passes down the corridor, through the members lobby and into the chamber where the members bow to him. Then the chaplain reads the prayers. When the Lord's Prayer is reached the M.P.'s recite it with the chaplain. Neither the public nor the Press is admitted to prayers because the filling of the galleries would disturb the quiet and solemnity of the occasion. The prayer that is used today dates back to 1660.

No Seat for the Sovereign

You can imagine how the significance of this prayer is affected by the impact of events. There was a special poignancy as we listened to it on the day when Stanley Baldwin was to announce the abdication of Edward VIII. It was deeply moving on the Sunday morning of September 3, 1939, when we met to receive the announcement that Britain was at war with Germany.

After prayers Mr. Speaker, in his wig and robes, takes his seat with three clerks in attendance. To the immediate right the Prime Minister and his cabinet ministers sit on what is known officially as the treasury bench but which is normally called the government front bench.

The bench immediately behind the ministers is occupied largely by parliamentary private secretaries. The P.P.S. is an M.P who receives no extra pay for his work but regards it as a training for ultimate promotion. The P.P.S. keeps his chief informed of the feeling of the house, attends to much of the minister's correspondence and accompanies him to functions or inspections. The remaining Government supporters occupy the rest of the benches on that side of the house, and if they are in a big majority, as in 1945, they are apportioned certain benches on the Opposition side as well

ment supporters occupy the rest of the benches on that side of the house, and if they are in a big majority, as in 1945, they are apportioned certain benches on the Opposition side as well. The second largest party forms what is known as "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition," with a shadow ministry on its front bench. Thus the Leader of the Opposition, as a potential prime minister, sits directly opposite the existing P.M. If there is a foreign affairs debate the former or the likeliest future foreign secretary in the Opposition leads his party against the actual Foreign Secretary and the Government supporters.

There are many separate galleries, although accommodation is very limited: they are known as the public diplomats, peers, distinguished strangalle the mat of C ereig long that with man who

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gers, Dominions and Mr. Speaker's galleries. There is only one man in the United Kingdom who is automatically excluded from the House of Commons debates—the ruling sovereign. The House of Commons has a long memory and it has not forgotten that Charles I once entered the house with an escort of soldiers and demanded the names of five members whose votes had offended him.

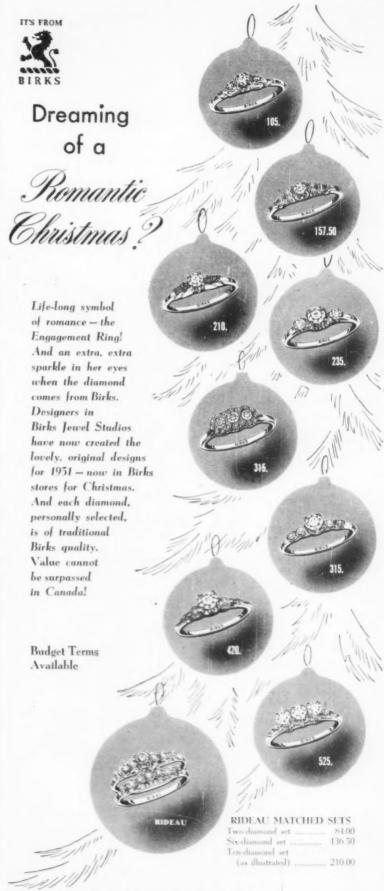
It Was Europe's Best Club

Now we shall make our way down the corridor to the House of Lords. First we reach the Princes' Chamber, where the King and Queen and their entourage gather before entering the House of the Lords each year to open Parliament. You will be interested to note that in the chamber there are the portraits of all the wives of Henry VIII. Just why these unfortunate women should have such a place of honor I could never understand unless it is a warning to women to be careful whom they marry.

Follow me please and we shall have a look at the Royal Gallery which adjoins the Princes' Chamber. This is a grand place which the government of the day uses when it has to put on a show. When the two houses want to combine to do honor to a distinguished visitor this gallery is usually chosen. During World War II that gallant and great man General Smuts addressed us there. Later in the war W. L. Mackenzie King was our guest and spoke wise words to us. Although I detest

preciseness in all things I must tell you that the Royal Gallery is decorated not only with the portraits of recent Kings (excluding so far Edward VIII) but facing each other are two gigantic paintings representing the death of Nelson and the meeting of Blücher and Wellington at Waterloo. Each painting is 45 feet by 12 feet and the figures, including the horses, are supposed to be life size. They are impressive rather than artistic. We found them rather embarrassing last spring when we gave a reception in the gallery for the French President and his entourage. History often lacks delicacy.

Now we shall return through the corridors and take a glimpse at the committee rooms, the dining rooms and the libraries whose windows overlook the restless Thames. Before the Hitler war the House of Commons used to be called the best club in Europe. It certainly had great advantages of a social nature, with private dining rooms for small groups, with the imposing terrace where guests would stroll after dinner or come in their most attractive clothes for tea with strawberries and cream. Of course, no guests are allowed in the members' dining rooms or in the holy of holies known at the smoke room. There is an unwritten law that anything said in the smoke room is private, a decree which permits the frankest conversation between opponents as well as friends. Because the whole edifice is a royal palace there are no restrictions as to drinking hours, a merciful dispensation when during an all-night sitting an



CANADIANECDOTE



Salvation for the Archbishop's Grandfather

QUICK-WITTED Indian woman of the western plains once saved the life of a man named John Pritchard. It was a life worth saving, for Little Pritchard (so called because he was small and thin) later helped found the Anglican Church in the West and was the grandfather of one of its ablest primates, the late Archbishop Samuel Pritchard Matheson, of Winnipeg.

Pritchard had once done the Indian woman a favor. In the skirmishing between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company in 1813 Pritchard found himself being pursued by some of her people, was in great danger of losing his

scalp. His only slim hope of safety was in her lodge, a lone tent on the hald plain.

Moments later, when her menfolk broke into the tent, blood in their eyes, all they saw was a fat squaw, sitting on some buffalo hides and placidly smoking her pipe while she wove rush mats. Had she seen the fugitive? No, she grunted, no white man.

All day she sat there smoking and weaving while the Indians came and went in their search. At nightfall Pritchard emerged, stiff but safe, from his hiding place. She had sat on him all day, concealing him with her voluminous skirts. — Margaret Arnett MacLeod.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 4B1 University Ave.,

Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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M.P. wants a reviver at 4 a.m.

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Now our tour is nearly over. walk through the palace yard, used as a parking place for members' cars, and enter Westminster Hall which was erected by William Rufus at the end of the 11th century. It is a huge hall built originally with a double line of columns for, although the Normans conquered England, they did not know how to roof so wide a space. Richard II did away with the columns in 1394 and built a magnificent oak roof which was about the only successful thing he ever

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Horses In the Chapel

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And now, just to end our journey re shall go down to the Chapel of St Mary Undercroft, built in 1292. This little chapel is a thing of beauty for, though it has been restored, it is as it was built. Pride of craftsmanship flowered to the full in those far-off centuries

There are no seats in the chapel, but long, narrow bench on each side for the sick and the aged—hence the expression "The weak to the wall." Stained glass windows depicting the life and martyrdom of St. Stephen, Gothic dragons in the roof, a marble floor with Minton tiles, and the cross at the altar-these create a moving and fascinating temple of the spirit.
Yet its sanctity has not always been

observed. Cromwell is said to have tethered his horses in the chapel during the civil war. In 1885 Fenians placed a bomb in the chapel, which was carried out by a brave policeman, the bomb exploding in Westminster Hall. In lighter vein a suffragette concealed herself in the chapel to evade the census of 1910, but she was discovered and was put down on the returns as a resident of the palace.

Our sentimental journey is over. The story I have told is not complete, for the palace holds many wonders that you must seek out for yourself on subsequent visits. But perhaps you will realize how it is that we, who are elected to this parliament, come under its spell and cherish its traditions.

And perhaps you will realize, too, why an M.P. who has been defeated in an election is like a lost soul even though he stoutly proclaims that he is

delighted to have a rest from it all.

Long live the new House of Commons! May the greatness of the past give lustre to its future. And when the ghosts walk at night let us hope that Disraeli and Gladstone and Pitt will say: "We did not labor in vain." *



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The Reds Are Ready

Continued from page 7

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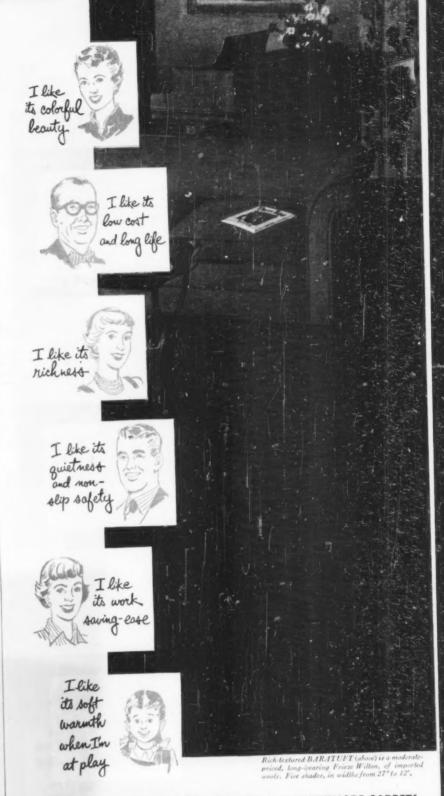
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The Reds Are Ready

Continued from page 7

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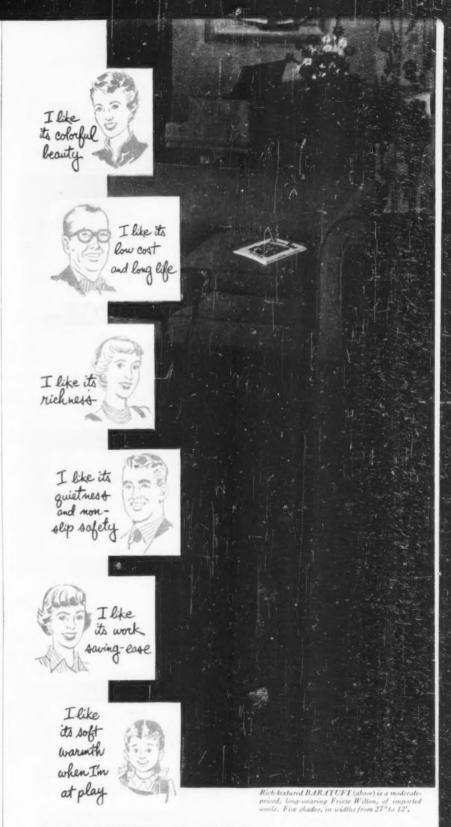
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Numbers Aren't All

I was iamiliar with the handwriting of both. During the underground period it would probably be necessary for them to communicate with me through runners—trusted party members, by preference women who had never been openly connected with the party. But however it reached me I was to be suspicious of any message that wasn't written in the personal hand of either Binder or Gélinas; in code; on onion skin paper; signed by the cover name of one of them; and enclosed in a small dissolvable capsule. These were standard precautions when I went underground as leader of the party's Saskatchewan branch in 1940.

This was the working blueprint for my dealings with those above me in the party underground. My dealings with those below me would follow a similar pattern. I would head a cell of not more than six members (whose names and cover names would be supplied to me only "as soon as necessary") including myself. The other members of my cell would not, unless some complex joint enterprise made it absolutely imperative, become known to each other. Thus, in the whole nationwide apparatus, even a relatively senior man like me would know the whereabouts and activities of not more than seven others. Binder probably wouldn't have contact with more than a dozen. If Tim Buck, the underground army's generalissimo, succeeded in

If Tim Buck, the underground army's generalissimo, succeeded in remaining at large, even he would deliberately isolate himself from contact with and knowledge of all but the 10 other members of the political bureau. These are Stanley Ryerson, No. 2 man to Buck; William Kashtan, Leslie



SO MANY REASONS WHY EVERYONE LIKES A BARRYMORE CARPET!

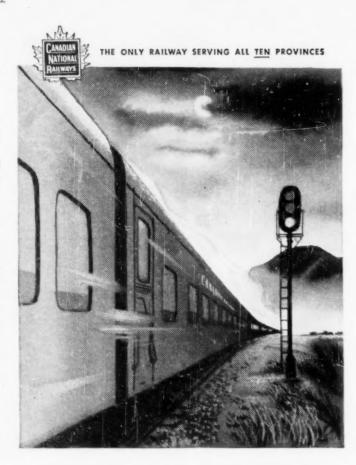
So many good reasons for giving yourself the lasting pleasure of a Barrymore Carpet. Your home will take on a luxury look—but you'll pay little more than a thrift-floor price! Besides, Barrymore—offering more than sixty different shades and patterns and textures of fine carpets—lets you give full play to your decorating tastes.

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Morris, Becky Buhay, J. B. Salsberg, Norman Penner, Charles Sims, Norman Freed, Stewart Smith and Dorise Neilsen.

Behind the political bureau and behind every other layer of the party leadership there already stands a fully prepared "secondary organization." When any leader is interned or has to leave the country his place will be taken immediately by a stand-in who has already been appointed. This shadow leadership, as well as the closely compartmentalized nature of the whole structure, has been patterned after underground techniques which proved successful in France, Belgium and other European countries which came under enemy occupation during the last war. During the last three years every Cana dian Communist who has visited Europe has made a point of gathering detailed information about underground tactics and reporting on them back here

I can see the sceptics frowning over their mental arithmetic and hear them muttering that no army so small and dispersed as this is worthy of fear or suspicion or any emotion stronger than contemptuous amusement. It's true that the underground organization as it was set up when I left the party last July appeared neither ready nor anxious to embrace more than, say, a third or a quarter of the 12,000 Cana-dians who hold party cards.

I am sure that if a world war breaks out at least half of Canada's Commun-

ists will refuse to make war on Canada. Many of them, I believe, will face the same dilemma I faced when the fighting broke out in Korea. Regardless of their political and economic beliefs—and I myself have not renounced the political and economic beliefs which led me into the party nearly two decades ago they will at last find themselves face to face with the ruthless and soul-shattering truth that Communism does not stand for what they thought it stood for.

The Cautious Cliches

They will learn that the lies to which They will learn that the lies to which they once subscribed in good heart and good conscience are not the white lies paving the way to a better world.

They will learn that it is not strategic compromises with principle which the

party asks of them, but the final abandonment of principle.

They will learn, as I said publicly when I quit the party, that it is "impossible to support a policy that on the one hand supports a war of aggression and on the other advocates world peace." They will come to the bitter realization that to be a Communist in almost any country except Soviet Russia can involve treason.

But it is a serious mistake to think of the party's strength in terms of its numbers. Nearly half a million Cana-dians belong to mass organizations racial and other minority groups often called language fractions—which slavishly preach and practice the party line. And whether or not it weakened the party numerically a war with Russia would strengthen the party's will and its dynamic beyond measure. If Russia goes to war with Canada every Canadian Communist who remains a Communist must go to war on Russia's side—and go active as a militant agent of Canada's enemy.
In Communism's ultimate struggle

his life will be no more sacred, either to himself or to the hierarchy of inter-national Communism—from which his broad directives will continue to be funneled down—than the life of a

Russian front-line private.
As I have said, I was to have directed the sabotage of industry in Canada's LET ANACONDA HELP WHEN YOU BUY OR BUILD



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ed for average





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second-largest province. I do not know precisely what I would have tried to do or how I would have tried to do it. I have no doubt that Buck, Ryerson and perhaps a few other members of the political bureau have clear and specific ideas about what factories the party will try to strike, what assembly lines it will try to wreck and what instruments and methods will be used. But security is one of the party's greatest obsessions. Even in meetings of the Central Committee it's an unbreakable rule that nobody asks questions about future planning. Nobody talks, even in the most general terms, about sabotage, espionage or fifth columns inside the armed forces. Nobody even goes so far as to identify the enemy as the government or the people of Canada.

The party will stick to the timetested, if threadbare, clichés. At the last meeting of the Central Committee I attended, in Toronto, we talked for more than 30 hours in a two-day session. We talked in synonyms: "protecting the party apparatus" was the synonym for going underground; "Wall Street imperialism" was the synonym for Canada's foreign policy: "fascist military forces" was the synonym for the Canadian armed services; "fighting for peace" the synonym for fighting for Russia.

But, although even the most ardent Communist sometimes gets weary of these parrot phrases, no Communist misunderstands them. No Communist fails to understand that when the time comes to translate them into action the action will be direct and violent. If Russia goes to war against Canada every good Communist understands that he will do anything in his power—I repeat, anything—to assist in Canada's defeat. The only check on the party will be, on the one hand, the

NEXT ISSUE

Maclean's
All-Star
CANADIAN
RUGBY TEAM

again picked by

TED REEVE

IN MACLEAN'S DEC. 1 On Sale Nov. 24

physical measures taken against the party and, on the other hand, the party's assessment of the operational risks.

Korea hadn't broken at the time I attended my last meeting of the Central Committee. Ottawa hadn't begun its enlistment drives for the regular armed forces and for the special United Nations brigade. But even then one of the major items on the agenda was a full discussion, led by Tim Buck, on the need for a "greater and more effective concentration" of party members in the forces. Precisely how great and effective the concentration is now I don't pretend to know. As I say, the party doesn't talk in names and numbers if that can be avoided. Continued on page 65

Now! 100% more protection against the No.1 battery killer Willard announces METALEX

Greatest Battery improvement in 25 years

Today, OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. More batteries are worn out from this one cause than all other causes combined! Overcharging strikes directly at the grids—the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current-producing active material. Overcharging corrodes the grids—fractures them—destroys their ability to retain active material destroys their utility as current conductors.

But now Willard announces METALEX —a new and vastly superior grid metal, developed and perfected by Willard metal-lurgists specifically to combat damage by overcharging. And METALEX does sostubbornly, effectively, METALEX provides a full 100% more protection against the No. 1 battery killer! METALEX leen-g-t-h-e-n-s battery life. Available exclusively in Willard Super Master Batteries!



New Willard Super Master with METALEX

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again this year. We thoroughly enjoyed the articles and stories fast year — there seemed to be some. Thing in every issue for every body. Same stories as men do, so it looked forward to each issue of Maclean's!

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Continued from page 63
But I do know that there are Communists now in the armed forces, that they are receiving instructions directly from the party and that they are reporting back to the party on the state of the forces' training, strength and morale. There are party branches close to most of the country's large military camps (at Pembroke, near Petawawa; at Brandon, near Shilo; at Saskatoon, near Dundurn). Most of the party's military personnel need only obtain a midnight or an overnight pass to meet the contact men who serve as their links with the party command.

Right now the party's basic tactic in armed forces is to avoid suspicion. The worst sin a Communist soldier, sailor or airman can do is to talk up the party line in his barracks room. job is to dig himself in. If he has qualities of leadership he is instructed to try to be a model soldier and strive for promotion. If the party doesn't consider him officer or N.C.O. material he's instructed to do his job the best he can, but also to do his best to promote the usual barracks-room beefs about discipline and food. In no circumstances is he to appear to his friends and his officers as anything but a loyal Canadian who fears and distrusts

Russia.

Once at a meeting of the Central Committee Buck gave us a long talk about some of the "mistakes" Communist servicemen had made. He cited with disapproval several unnamed soldiers who had "allowed themselves to be identified as leftists."

In their ultimate role—if the services to which they belong face the ultimate test of war—the party's hostages in the forces will, of course, be far from passive. Some, I am certain, will not be able to stomach treason. To those who

was also his successor as organizational secretary of the party. I can't prove it in either case.

It was late in 1939 that I was appointed Carr's deputy for "army work" in Saskatchewan. At the outbreak of war that September I was the party's provincial leader in Saskatchewan, a position I'd held for more than five years. At first we Communists were thrown into a state of hopeless confusion. Early in September Buck made a speech in Hamilton supporting Canada's declaration of war on Ger-Faithfully and with a real

feeling of relief-for I wanted to be a loyal Canadian almost as much as I wanted to be a loyal Communist-I

repeated the speech in Regina.

Then Russia marched on Poland. got a peremptory wire from Carr ordering me to report to Toronto for a special meeting. I took the first train east but the meeting was post-I took the first poned a couple of days because Tim Buck was out of town. I didn't ask where he was—you don't ask questions like that in the party—but everyone understood that Tim was in New York getting fresh instructions from the

American Communist Party. Tim finally arrived, armed with a manifesto denouncing the war as "capitalist and imperialist." The political bureau, along with myself and the other provincial leaders, went through a form of discussing it. I was close to rebelling then. But Tim and the others answered my doubts with the stock exhortations—"Life itself will prove who is right," "The party is always right"—and the stock threats— "Is Comrade McManus' loyalty wavering?"-and I went along. I still believed fervently in the party's goals, as

Lady in the Dark

Excuse my callous disbelief, Dear madam in the seat ahead.

You are, it seems, bowed down by grief.

Tormented and dispirited.

shoes?

What passes on the silver screen Conceivably could cause your

blues But is this not the old routine Of hunting for your missing

-P. J. Blackwell.

do not break with the party treason

do not break with the party will become a sacred duty.

In its publications and in public speeches the party acknowledges that it has a trade union director (J. B. Salsberg), a woman's director (Dorise National) an educational director exitation (Becky Buhay), a director of agitation and propaganda (Leslie Morris) and a youth director (Norman Penner). It does not acknowledge the existence of a director of military activities. It never will, voluntarily at least.

During the war of 1939-45 I worked

for a time under the director of military activities and I never knew who he was. I don't know who he was to this day. I believe he was Sam Carr, then the party's organizational secretary, now serving a penitentiary term as a convicted spy against Canada. I believe that Carr's successor as director of "army work" is Stanley Ryerson, who



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they were represented to me. I was still a convinced Marxist; for that matter, I consider myself a Marxist today. I didn't like the means, but I thought the end was worth it.

I went back to Regina, dutifully renounced my errors to the comrades

I went back to Regina, dutifully renounced my errors to the comrades of Saskatchewan and dutifully told them Canada had entered the war as a stooge of the international war profiteers. I awaited further instructions.

A few weeks later Stewart Smith, a key member of the political bureau and a former controller on Toronto's city council, stopped off in Regina in the course of a nationwide tour. It was he who told me I had been assigned to "army work" and gave me my instructions.

At the same time he passed on the assignments for other members of the Saskatchewan party. He told me to hold myself ready to go underground. He assigned me the cover name of Wright. My contact man, he said, would be Jim Litterick, then a Communist member of the Manitoba Legislature, who has since broken with the party. Litterick's cover name would be Doc.

As part of my routine party training I already had a good working knowledge of codes. Smith told me the code that was now to go into effect and told me where to find the key. It was contained in a certain paragraph of a certain page of a certain magazine. I can't remember the name of the magazine now. The key changed frequently in the next few months.

Although I was still able to walk the streets of Regina openly the work I now undertook was illegal under the Defense of Canada Regulations. I went halfway underground. I left my home and took a room in an obscure boardinghouse. I

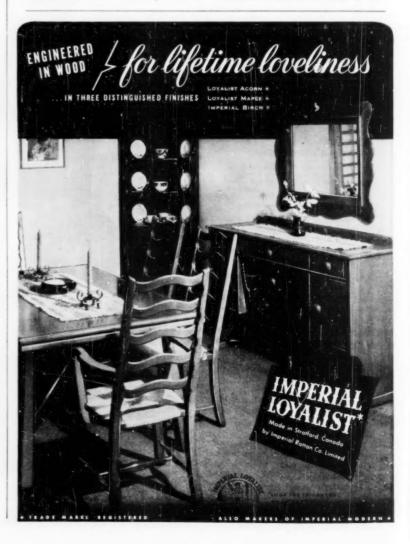
didn't close party headquarters but I destroyed all except the "harmless" records.

I took over the basement of the home of another safe and unsuspected party member and arranged with half-adozen others to use their homes as special meeting places. In the basement I installed a mimeograph machine and put it in charge of two young party workers.

Then, in my own room, I began writing anti-war pamphlets addressed to Canada's troops. I'd pass the copy on to my two mimeograph operators. They'd return the pamphlets to me by runner. Then, again by runner, and usually one at a time, I'd call in the narry members who were in the Army

party members who were in the Army. In those days some of the newer recruits whose homes were in Regina were living at home. It was a simple enough matter for a runner to saunter up to their doorsteps and whisper a place and time of meeting. It was not difficult for soldiers stationed at Dundurn to come to Regina on week-end leaves. They'd report to me at night in one of my various rooms. I'd talk to them about the party line, tell them how to promote the party's interests in their barracks rooms without betraying themselves and send them off with a stack of 25 or 50 pamphlets—seldom so many that they couldn't easily be concealed in a small kitbag or in the front pocket of their battledress trousers. When they got back to barracks it was their job to plant the pamphlets in the latrines and washrooms with the same secrecy they'd maintained in picking them up from me.

We were fairly successful. When I started I had no more than 20 soldiers working for me in Saskatchewan. Within three months I had 65 or 70.



winter the Royal Canadian Mounted Police discovered the basement in

which my pamphlets were being mimeographed. They arrived while my two operators were turning out a new release. One of them got six

months in jail, the other was sentenced

but 1 mless

1950

e home half-asement

began dressed e copy me by er, and Army Regina simple saunter isper a vas not t Dunek-end t night 'd talk

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Vhen I soldiers hewan

party

traying with a seldom sily be in the trousarracks nphlets ned in

By April of 1940 I knew Regina was getting too hot for me. In fact, any part of Canada was getting too hot for any known Communist; you needed no special pipe lines to know it was only a matter of time before the Government would crack down on the party leaders, whether it caught them breaking the law or not. I sent our seven children and my wife to her father's home in Gentilly, Quebec. I took a train to Winnipeg and on Jim Litterick's instructions disappeared into a room above a store in the north end of the Caught at Gentilly

to a year.

I made it just as the R.C.M.P. began rounding up and interning the party's known leaders— those who hadn't al-ready gone underground. For six weeks I didn't leave that room. Every night a woman brought me cigarettes, food and something to read. She was the only person I saw.

One night she handed me a small transparent capsule the size of a pill. Inside, on cigarette paper, was a message addressed to Wright, signed by Doc and written in a hand I recognized as Jim Litterick's. I decoded it with the help of the magazine then in use as the key and which I had brought with me from Regina. It ordered me to me from Regina. It ordered me to get ready to move that night. Shortly before midnight a Ukrainian

streaking across the sky can

And as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Aspirin, it goes to

work, to bring you

distance of 500 miles!

laborer knocked at my door. "Wright?" he said. "Yes," I said. He had a truck waiting outside.

We spent the night driving to Fort we spent the night driving to For-William, carefully avoiding conversa-tion on any subject except the scenery and the weather. When we arrived he gave me a train ticket to Montreal, \$50 in cash and another message from Doc instructing me to find a job in Montreal but to make no effort to contact

the party there.

When I got to Montreal I couldn't resist the temptation to run down to Gentilly to see my wife and kids. The R.C.M.P. walked in a few hours after I

I spent the next year and a half in

I was released soon after Germany attacked Russia. In the eyes of the party this temporarily reinstated Canada on the side of freedom and justice.

Two days after my release I met Leslie Morris, head of the party's agitation and propaganda committee, in Montreal and he ordered me to join the Army. I served for the rest of the first as a private in the engineers and later as a medical sergeant.

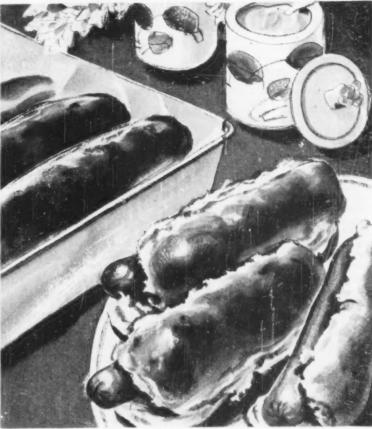
This part of my service to the party,

at least, is not on my conscience, for as long as Russia was in peril and Russia was on the same side as Canada it was possible to be both a good Canadian and a good Communist.

I suppose I might have continued trying to be both if it hadn't been for Korea. Now I know it can't be done.

next issue of Maclean's In the T. G. McManus, former secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Seamen's Union, will describe in detail how the Communist Party wrecked one of Can-ada's most important trade unions.

Greet the Gang!



Munchy Wiener Rolls...

no trick at all with new fast **DRY Yeast!**

• For your next get-together, pull a trayful of these steaming rolls out of the hot oven-pop in the "weenies" and ply the mustard. My! they're marvellous-and so easily made with the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising DRY Yeast!

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Piping Hot WIENER ROLLS -Makes 3 dozen rolls

Scald

1 1/2 cups milk

1/3 cup granulated sugar

3 teaspoons salt

1/2 cup shortening Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm, Meanwhile measure into a large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal

Fast Rising Dry Yeast Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and

3 well-beaten eggs

4 cups once-sifted bread flour

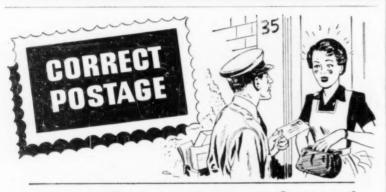
and beat until smooth; work in 4 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Grease top of dough, cover and set in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 2 equal portions; cut each portion into 18 equal-size pieces; knead each piece into a slim finger. Place, well apart for crusty buns-closer together for soft-sided buns, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425, about 15 minutes,







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How Freud Changed Your Life

Continued from page 9

Goethe Prize, then the highest scientific and literary award in Germany. In 1936 his 80th birthday was an international event, culminating in the birthday oration delivered by Thomas Mann in the Vienna Opera House. Mann compared Freud to Goethe's ideal of a useful man: a drainer of swamps.

swamps.

In 1938 Freud, as a Jew, became a victim of the Hitler invasion of Austria, and the great scientist, old and seriously ill with cancer, was unable to leave his apartment because of Nazi insults in the streets. Arrangements were made to ransom him and all over the world scientists worked together with princes and princesses to raise a quarter of a million Austrian schillings, which was raised to "purchase" a passport for Freud.

chase" a passport for Freud.

And when he finally arrived in London the great register of the Royal Society was carried to his house to sign—an honor extended before this only to royalty. He died in England on Sept. 23, 1939.

Freud's greatest achievement was a general one: to bring new life to the science of psychology. Although many of his theories have become so thoroughly accepted that it is surprising to think they were ever seriously questioned. Freud really opened up the whole field of the unconscious to students of psychology. Fifty years ago the effect among scientists was as though someone had discovered half a dozen new continents, as indeed Freud had. If every single one of his original theories is shown to be untrue (though this is very unlikely) he will still be respected as a great man for the tremendous impetus of his ideas.

Sad, Unhappy Minds

He said himself he realized he was one of those who have disturbed the world's sleep. At first the disturbance was confined to scientists, but by the 20's Freud had become the idol of the "lost generation." It was a scientific age so sexual extravagances had to have a scientific excuse.

Freud was very indignant about being thus exploited. Always stern and conscientious he was contemptuous of the way ideas were recklessly distorted especially on this side of the Atlantic. "America is vulgarizing too extensively," he said. "The newspapers seem too prone to popularize the lewd instead of the intellectual fact."

Most of his remarks showed this same Puritan directness and honesty. It was an attitude that made him few moderate friends: only warm disciples, or bitter enemies. Pupils who disagreed with him, such as Jung and Adler, he treated with disparagement and scorn. He justified his intolerant attitude by saying, "What claims are to be made on us in the name of tolerance? That when somebody has expressed an opinion we consider fundamentally false, we should say, "Thanks for the contradiction."

Thanks for the contradiction."

But in the clinic or in his study, crowded with his collection of little statues, he was a different man. It is generally agreed that no psychiatrist has exceeded Freud in his skill and patience in working with the wretched, distraught people who came to him day after day and year after year, and whose sad, unhappy minds he labored to make well again. No wonder he was such a bitter opponent in debate. He knew the innermost souls of too many forlorn patients to treat the



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healing of their minds as an academic puzzle, to be discontinued if it seemed

to be turning out embarrassing.
But what of Freud's theories? What did he say that made him such a remarkable object of controversy?

He said many things which are still highly controversial. He wrote a book to show that Moses was not a Jew, and several other books on religion that show either that he had a blank spot when it came to a religious sense or that we are still too superstitious to under-stand him. He was so inflexible about it that his nephew never even laid eyes

on a Bible until he was 18.

There remain four main discoveries which are generally accepted. Taken together these lead to Freud's picture of working of the mind, which is also generally accepted—at least as a representation of the way things seem to

But there is a very odd thing about these four discoveries. They are not at all original. They have been known from the beginning of history; you can find them in myths, in legends, in books, and by asking your neighbors about them. Freud was very careful to point this out: he only told us what we knew already. The originality of the discoveries lies in the mind of the man who could put them together and tell us what they meant.

Why'd I Say That?

First, there was the fact that hysteria and other kinds of mental illness (anxiety, obsessions, feelings of guilt and the like) called neuroses are caused by the deliberate refusal of the mind to acknowledge certain desires, usually sexual, and consequently to pretend to forget them altogether. This he called repression; the basic sexual impulses themselves he called the libido. So if the mind is like a boiler the steam is the libido, the fellow sitting on the safety valve is the repression and the resulting explosion is the neurosis.

All this has been known for years. The standard old wives' advice about a highly strung neurotic young girl has always been: "Give her a husband and she'll settle down soon enough." she'll settle down soon enough." The word hysteria is derived from the Greek word for womb. The ancient Greeks understood that hysteria in women was connected with the sexual function.

The second discovery was that this ever-changing repression creates a kind of inner conflict in the mind, which is expressed in slips, errors, and stumbles. Freud quotes an example of a man at

a dull supper party. The hungry guests were discussing Teddy Roosevelt, the great square-dealer, when this mar said: "There's one thing about Roose velt: he always gives you a square meal."

Another good example of a Freudian slip happened recently at the UN. A committee chairman had been gloomily anticipating, a stormy and useless session and would be glad when it was all over. So he began the meeting by banging his gavel and saying. "I declare this meeting adjourned."

Freud's third main discovery was that this inner conflict of repression uses dreams as a carefully disguised means of escape. He showed how dreams are built of symbols that succeed in giving a sly expression to secret wishes that even the sleeping mind will not always acknowledge. This, too, has been known for a long

Freud suggested that dreams of flying have to do with sexual excita-tion, and in "Anna Karenina" (written years before Freud's dream theory) Tolstoy makes a woman who has been disturbed by the gallantries of a young man while playing tennis dream that

he is flying around the tennis court. As the popular song says, "A Dream a Wish Your Heart Makes"—this has been known for a very long time. Freud quotes the old proverb, "the

pig dreams of acorns, the goose dreams of corn." Or you need only think of the bridesmaid putting a piece of wedding cake under her pillow to dream of the man she is going to marry: evidently an intention rather than a prediction.

The fourth and last of the generally accepted Freudian discoveries is that the sexual life of a human being does not begin from nowhere the instant he or she is married, but can be traced in its far beginnings right back past puberty to the earliest ages of childhood and even infancy.

These four discoveries, or rather collections of well-known facts, led Freud to formulate his famous picture of the mind: that all we know is the surface, so to speak, of mental activity. This we call the conscious. What you are now reading is in your conscious, and immediately below it lies the preconscious, which contains the mem-

ories waiting to appear in the conscious.

For example, you are now reading the word Confederation. Your preconscious should be delivering to your

conscious the date 1867 together with a feeling of pride, or possibly a twinge of regret if you live in the Maritimes, for the preconscious contains latent emotions as well as latent thoughts. Sometimes the preconscious is called the subconscious.

The furious and turbulent remainder of the mind is called the unconscious Things here cannot be brought to light by the normal exercise of the memory, even though they may be battering the conscious out of shape. You do not know what there is in your unconscious, though it may be seriously influencing your life by making you frightened of



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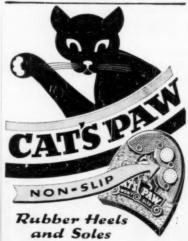


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cats, or worried by the number seven.

or angry when you hear the word Jew. There is also another way of thinking of the aspects of the mind and this, too, was invented by Freud. The realm of the unconscious, where the libido rides whirlwind, he sometimes called the id. The realm of the conscious and preconscious together, where man is aware of his personality, he called the ego. The dominant part of the ego he called the super-ego, corresponding pretty

well to conscience.
Freud himself often described the general effect he tried to convey by his picture of the mind. "The mind is an iceberg. It floats with only one seventh of its bulk above water." And again, he also said, "The conscious mind may be compared to a fountain playing in the sun and falling back into the great subterranean pool of the subconscious from which it rises.

Porridge Made Her Sick

Freud's treatment for certain mental psychoanalysis, has been hard done by by the popular mind. Some people think of it as a fraud, many people think it's ridiculous, and mo people think it is a greater part of psychology than it really is. Among the hundreds of psychologists in Canada there are only a handful of dyed-in-the-wool psychoanalysts. But every psychologist uses psychoanalysis from time to time, for it's really nothing but an occasionally useful technique which Freud developed for getting rid of disturbing repressions. The patient pours out whatever comes into his head on the basis, as Freud said, that the unconscious does not lie and that

sooner or later the truth will come out. Psychoanalysis does not consist of finding out what is at the back of the patient's mind, telling him what it is, and sending him about his business. The patient must be led to find it out for himself. He must not only know the root of the trouble, he must believe For example, a woman became violently sick whenever porridge was even mentioned. After many hours of free association and much emotional strain she was able to recall something that she had previously completely forgotten. When she was a tiny girl she had seen an automobile accident. Somebody at the scene had compared the spilt brains to porridge and it was the repressed memory of the accident which upset her.

An Animal With Will

Sometimes it is very difficult to dig out these hidden memories. Naturally, since your mind is anxious to forget them, it is very wily about hiding them: this process Freud called resistance and he noted it turned up in every psychoanalysis, together with a strong emo-tional attachment to the analyst himelf, which Freud called transference. Resistance is unconscious and is not the same as deciding to be stubborn; nor is transference the same as falling in love with the doctor. Unfortunately, choanalysis has become a fashion with some people and so the saving has arisen that psychoanalysis is the disease it professes to cure.

Freud asks us to stop treating man as an animal that only thinks, but to treat him as an animal that wills also. The will is the mule that pulls the load, the thought is the farmer trying to steer it. Nobody doubts that the steer it. Nobody doubts that the farmer is a more rational and cultivated creature than the mule, but to pretend that the outfit is all farmer and no mule is asking for trouble. Though we may not like the bubbling boiler of the id (that is why we repress it, in fact) all the same we have to live with it, and



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the more we try to ignore it the more trouble we shall get into. This rhyme puts it in a nutshell:

Sigmund Freud Was very annoyed With people who kept putting the lid Back on the id.

One criticism often made of Freud's work is that he derived his ideas of normal people from studying neurotics. Freud's reply was that the difference between the normal and the neurotic was only one of degree. It is very easy to pass from thinking about something to worrying about it.

to worrying about it.
An old English proverb puts it this way: "All the world is queer save thee and me, and even thou art a bit queer."

Another objection has been that Freud makes sex altogether too important. Some psychologists think there are other drives just as strong as the libido: the instinct of self-preservation, for instance. But this kind of careful scientific criticism is less prevalent than are milder attacks, such as indignant denials that human beings are governed by their libidos in any way whatever.

Unfortunately the human race seems determined to preserve the species by means of the libido, even if it gives offence to a great number of decent well-brought-up people. It intends to keep itself perpetuated in spite of them and even those who dislike it most are still filled with the wild vitality of the libido.

Dull, Dirty and Heroic

Thus Freud's influence spreads far beyond the innumerable specific examples we can find every day. It comes from the tingling zest of discovery Freud brought into psychology. Also it comes from Freud's personal example.

He did a lot toward making diseases and disorders of the mind much less shameful than they were; and for many years he did this at the expense of his own reputation and happiness.

It is never pleasant to give your life to people who are in misery. They are frequently insufferable while they are ill and ungrateful when they are well. But Freud was always persistent. His enemies were misery, anxiety, despair, and the piercing inner sickness of inexplicable guilt.

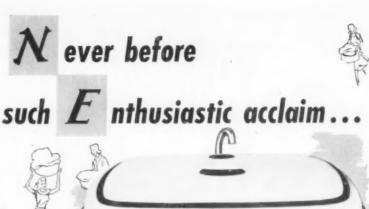
There was a time when these things were thought to be not only incurable but unclean. Freud tried to cure them. No happy person wished to risk contamination by the oppression of unhappiness; no clergyman knew how to cure faithlessness except by calling for faith; and no physician even regarded these everyday horrors of loneliness and torture as diseases.

Even last year I learned of a woman who, on the verge of a mental collapse, which actually took place a few days later, was told by a doctor to go away. He said he had no patience with people like her, his time was taken up with those really ill.

Freud would have had the patience. It was to this dull, dirty, heroic work that he gave up his life, and for all his bitterness and inflexibility it made him a great man.

His reward was to see a tiny glimpse of the way life works. The price he paid was to undergo the experiences of many tortured souls, to persist in the repellent darkness beside wretched men and women whom hopelessness made hateful and misery made detestable, and to learn for himself the grinding monotony of despair.

In other words, Freud understood suffering and his influence is still at work to teach us all to try and do the same.





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Backstage in India

Continued from page 4

and people hope to make a go of it but they absolutely must have five or 10 years of peace. Otherwise they are ruined. Don't forget, India and Pakistan went through a blood bathriot and pillage that killed probably a million people and left 10 million homeles. Nowhere else in the world could such hatred, grievances and mutual vengefulness be sustained without war. The resistance of both countries to the war urge is the measure of their compelling desire and need for peace.

To Canadians the notion of ourselves and Americans as warmongers seems too absurd to take seriously. Indians don't know this. Russian propaganda about warlike Western intentions can find fertile ground here even among men who hate or fear Communism.

men who hate or fear Communism.

This may explain the astonishing coolness of India and Pakistan to offers of economic aid which both countries desperately need.

At the recent Lucknow conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations Canadians tried, I think with some success, to explain that Canada disagrees with

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In the Next Issue On Sale Nov. 24

the Formosa policy of the U. S. and intends to recognize the Peking regime soon. Asian reaction was enthusiastic and told us that such Canadian action could do a great deal to dispel suspicion of a Western bloc and especially prove that our close association with the U. S. doesn't necessarily mean slavish adherence to the Washington line. The sooner Canada's position is made clear the better, Asians say.

The first thing you observe about the Orient is that there's no such thing. Countries out here vary as widely, have as many mutual hostilities and as wide a range of standards as do Western nations. The sharpest example is the

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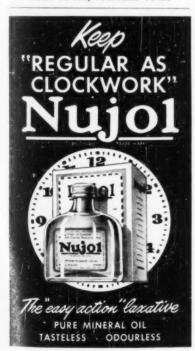
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contrast between India and Egypt. The contrast can be bluntly put: Egypt stinks and India doesn't. The Egypt stinks and India doesn't. The moment you set foot on Egypt's Farouk airport you're conscious of a faint pervading odor compounded of sewage and decay. You smell it more strongly in the streets and bazaars but also in your own hotel room and even in the luxurious roof garden dining room of the Semiramis Hotel overlooking the Nile.

Both countries seem to have 20 people for every job—if you have five bags five boys carry them. In India, however, servants are courteous without being servile or importunate; they have a certain natural dignity and self-respect. In Cairo you can't walk down the street or step into a taxi without attracting a swarm of unwanted servitors like flies around a carcass.

Egypt is a police state conducted with meticulous inefficiency. It took nearly two hours to get 40 people through customs, immigration, health inspection and censor at the airport.

The censor was an incredible figure The censor was an incredible figure—a small mild man in black pants and blue shirt with no collar who wanted to examine any reading matter travelers carried. As a matter of fact I had some notes I didn't want an Egyptian or any other censor to read but he paid no attention to them when I produced a copy of the New Yorker. The censor retired to a corner and spent 15 minutes leafing from cover to cover.

We showed our passports to six different people at the airport. On arrival at the hotel we had to show them again before we were allowed to register and had to fill out a question-naire telling nationality, age, civil status, date of departure and the intention of our visit. Our passports were then impounded to be sent to the police registry for a further checkup which took about 24 hours.

Both incoming and outgoing mail is censored. The result, of course, is a colossal jam.

Obviously it's impertinent to draw such a conclusion after a brief stopover but such first impressions are firmed by many people there and here who have lived in Cairo for years. "The longer you live there the less you like it. they say.

On the other hand my impression of India has doubtless been overly favorable after arriving in the delightful modern city of New Delhi, touring old Delhi (which is more typically Indian but full of ancient beauties and finally spending a fortnight in the pleasant provincial town of Lucknow and returning via Agra to see the Taj Mahal. Other conference delegates got a different impression who came here through the stricken city of Calcutta where 3 million refugees from Pakistan sleep, eat, die and give birth on the open sidewalks.

I thought I had seen the last of Egypt when I shook the dust of Cairo from my feet but bumped into it again in Lucknow. About half way through the conference the Canadian delegates were having dinner one night when the headwaiter unaccountably planted a total stranger at our table, though plenty of unoccupied tables were available. The stranger turned out to be an Egyptian Embassy man from Delhi who immediately started trying to pump us about what was going on at the conference. Nothing was, as a matter of fact, but we didn't give him the satisfaction of telling him so—we said the conference was private and firmly changed the conversation.

I intended later to ask the headwaiter how much the Egyptian paid him to be seated at our table but never got round to it. *



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9						Aug. 19-Sept. 8
Liverpool (Musi	c and t	he Art	is).			July 22-Aug. 12
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Norwich .						· June 18-30
Oxford						· July 2-16
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Stiff Price-Mary, aged five, was facing a minor surgical operation, and mother told her: "Be a brave little girl and mama will get you a nice kitten.'

Mother was sitting close by when Mary came out of the ether. She leaned forward to catch the youngster's first words.

The child opened her eye, grimaced weakly and muttered, "What a way to get a cat!"-Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Making Sure-Bill (as he caught up with Gus on the way back to camp): Gus, are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?

Gus: Yes.

Bill: And they're all safe?

Gus: Yep.

Bill: Then, I've shot a deer.-Rosetown (Sask.) Eagle.

Answer That One-A mother had been telling her small son some of the "facts of life." Finally she said, "Now, my boy, are there any questions you would like to ask? Anything at all—don't be afraid."

After a little heavy thinking the boy replied: "Well, yes, there's something I've been wanting to know for a long time. Just how do they make bricks?"—Chatham News.

Sure Fire Method - The new efficiency expert was walking through a feed plant when he spied a fellow, sleeves rolled up, lolling in a chair,

smoking a cigarette.

He asked him: "What are you doing here?

"Nothing."

"How much do you get a week?" "\$35."

"When is your week up?"

"Friday."

"Well you don't have to wait till Friday." The efficiency expert wrote a note on a scrap of paper and said, "Take this to the cashier and she'll give you \$35-and get out of here."

As the loafer was walking out, counting his money, the efficiency expert asked a clerk, "What's the name of the fellow I just fired?"
"I don't know," was the answer.

"He comes in here once in a whilehe works in that store across the street."-Corner Brook, Nfld., Star.

Chinese Would Be Safer-A film star who married rather often wanted a rapid divorce. Her lawyer suggested Mexico.

"But I don't speak Spanish," she protested.

"That's all right," said the lawyer. "Whenever there's a pause all you have to do is to say, 'Si si!""

When she appeared in court the whole population turned out to witness the event. There was much emotion and bowing, and the star said "Si, si!" very firmly on many occasions. Suddenly the crowd gave her a great cheer.

"Well, I guess I'm divorced," she said complacently.

"Divorced, my eye," cried her lawyer, "you've just married the judge!"—Montreal Star.

With Whom?-Police raided a gambling casino where four men sat around a table apparently playing poker. The police sternly questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they told the

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk.

"You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they shouted at the they shouted at the second man.

"Me," he replied, "you got me all wrong. I'm a stranger here. "And you're playing cards, etc.,"

they told the third man.
"Not me," he answered. "I'm just

waiting for the King and Queen. The police then stared at the fourth man, holding a deck of cards in his hands. "You, for sure, are playing cards," they exclaimed.

'Me playing cards?" he repeated. "With whom?" -- Port Moody, B.C., Advance.

A Pink Elephant, Too-"Drinking whisky gives a person a red nose, black eye, white liver, dark brown and blue outlook," says a prohibitionist. - Stratford Beacon Herald

Caveat Vendor-Sign on a New England farm: "Beware. We shoot every tenth peddler. The ninth one just left."—Calgary Herald.

Let's Get That Straight-With the apartment house ban on babies still in force in many places, it is no wonder that so many young couples are beginning to think that a pair beats a full house. - Kingston Whig Standard.

Won't Spoil the Child?-"When baby has finished drinking, empty and rinse with a strong solution of soda. If your baby doesn't thrive on fresh milk, boil it."—Directions accompanying a baby's feeding bottle. And if baby survives such an infancy it should grow up to regard bathtub gin as sissy stuff.—Victoria Colonist.

Uneasy Terms-Worry is the interest people pay on trouble before it comes due. Galt Reporter.

Fare Race-Buses are what women climb aboard just before they start searching their purses for fare -Calgary Albertan.

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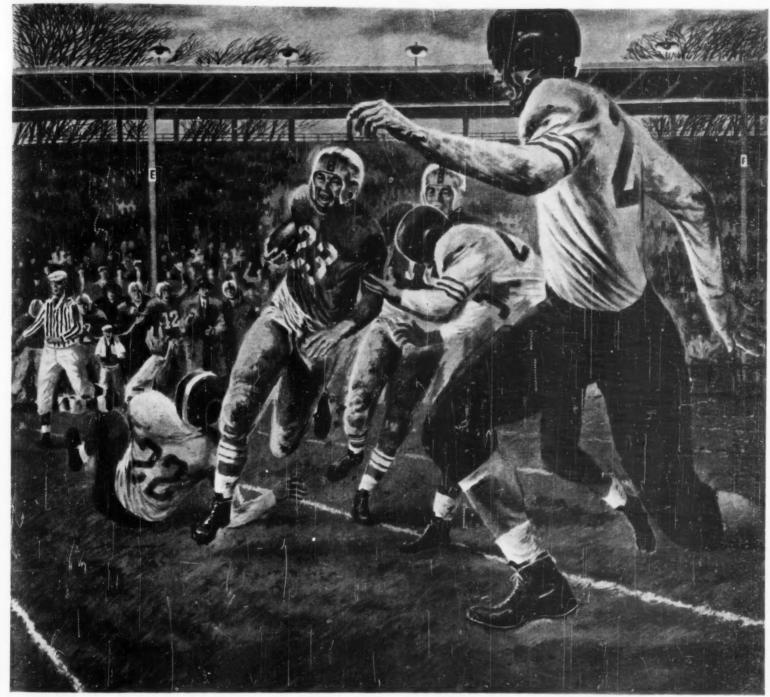
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Painted for O'Keefe's by the Canadian artist E.W. Jakubowski, A.O.C.A., former player with the Toronto Argonauts and Balmy Beach.

This is your Canada Unlimited

The blare of a shrill whistle . . . the booming roar of the crowd . . . the crash of thudding tackles and the football season is at its peak! Thousands of Canadians find joy and excitement in football stadiums across the land. To participants and spectators alike, sports in Canada are a never-failing source of pride and pleasure.

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MAILBAG

He Tells Us To Tell It To Ripley

Referring to your lead article In Maclean's Sept. 15, "Is there a Miracle at Uptergrove?" Shouldn't this article have been presented first to Robert Ripley, or did he reject it?—Edward D. Manchul, Fort William, Ont.

- We consider this article to be truthfully and fairly presented. A highly regarded friend of ours visited the McIsaac home and talked with Mrs. McIsaac two years ago. Everything he told us in connection with this woman and her sufferings agrees with Frank Hamilton's article.—C. G., Oktoks, Alta.
- The writer is very much distressed to see such stuff in Maclean's. I suppose, however, you know your business better than I do and have no doubt learned that there are enough people among your subscribers who believe that a horsehair immersed in water will turn into a snake, who appreciate being catered to by such articles as this.—J. H. Flett, Welland, Ont.

Not Good But Perfect

This year I could not get to the Toronto Exhibition, but one can dream

and I was thinking of chief attractions and kitchen gadgets that do most everything but curl one's hair when along comes Maclean's magazine (for Sept. 1).

Sept. 1).

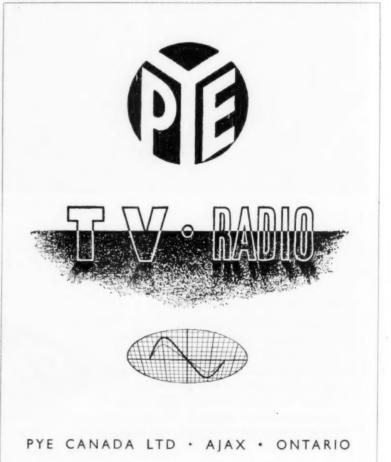
That cover by Franklin Arbuckle was, to my way of thinking, perfect.
. . he put the spirit of the Exhibition into it.—Mrs. Margaret K. Hatch, Arthur, Ont.

Disorganizing Eaton's?

Your article headed "She's Organizing Eaton's" (Oct. 1) leaves one with the impression that the author agrees wholeheartedly with the union in looking upon the T. Eaton Co. as an ogre, or perhaps as a milch cow.

As an employee of nearly two years' standing I am surprised that you

As an employee of nearly two years' standing I am surprised that you should lend support to a union which has: (a) admitted that Eaton employees were so disinterested that it had to seek out (with much effort) the discontented and potential trouble-makers to the tune of 100 out of some 13,000-14,000 (and they had to bribe them with a promise of power); (b) obtained financial support from other interested unions; (c) told us all that if it gets in it will compel us all to pay increased entrance fees and compel us



to suffer a reduction in pay by way of monthly dues; (d) rarely if ever has a good word to say of any member of the firm or staff and has invariably elected to see some sinister move directed against the employee in any case of generosity which they had to acknow-

My opinion of the union is that it is purely a case of the Congress of Labor seeing in our firm a rich payroll ripe for picking. We are not by any means a discontented staff or 100% union-minded.—R. A. C. Wells, Γοronto.

What Good Is Too Much?

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I've just finished reading J. H. Stafford's article on "What It Feels Like To Be A Millionaire" (Sept. 15). It reminds me of the movie, "If I Had Million.

Most of all I think we want security:



a little over when the bills are paid is all right, but money piling up doesn't

do any good. He sounds like an all right guy and your magazine is great. By the way,
I'd like more sugar in his sauces.— Mrs. O. F., Beeton, Ont.

• I am glad be admits he likes to be a millionaire. Who wouldn't! I've met rich people, two of them were millionrich people, two of them were million-aires (English), and they told me a lot of rubbish about what a worry a lot of money is, and so forth. I say far more worry without it. I noticed they did not want to part with it. When I married, the daughter of one of these millionaires whom I was very friendly with at that time gave me a \$5 wedding present.—C. E. M., Grimsby, Ont. What an inspiring urge for thousands of young chaps today who are always looking for soft jobs with less hours and more money and, as Mr. Stafford says, all the securities. This article should be read in all the high schools.—P. B. Garrett, Hamilton, Ont.

Top Dog-Underdog

In Maclean's August 15, I noticed an editorial, "Where the Pedestrian is Top Dog"—in Los Angeles. I am sorry to say that this is far from true. I have lived here for over 30 years and believe me, you surely better watch your step here when crossing the street, or else Geo. Henry French, Los Angeles,

A Memo from Labor

In your editorial "Memo to Labor" (Oct. 1) you state that "the railway workers chose to cripple the nation's whole economy by striking over a differential of as little as one cent an hour," and you further remark that this was "a special act of irresponsi-bility." These statements indicate a lamentable and reprehensible lack of knowledge of the subject.

The strike did not occur because of a difference of one cent an hour. It was caused by failure to settle not only the question of wages but other equally important matters. So that you may know just how incorrect your statement must inform you that even had the railways granted the full seven cents per hour requested there would still have been a strike if the other issues at stake had been unresolved.

—F. H. Hall, Chairman, Negotiating Committee of the Associated Unions, Montreal.

• Your editorial is a series of variations on one theme: "Except in rare and minor instances, capital has nothing left to yield to labor . . . The industrialist seldom has the power to grant wage increases out of his existing margins of profit. When his payroll rises he has no alternative but to raise the price."

As corporation profits last year were \$1,914 millions before taxes and \$1,241 millions after taxes, this seems a

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BIG BEN LOUD ALARM (bottom), with "fire-alarm" call and tick you can hear, comes in rich black finish with nickel trim. He's \$5.75.





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little odd. But what is odder still is to find Maclean's singing this tune. For if you are right it simply means that free enterprise is at the end of its rope; it can't afford any further increase in real wages. The Canadian Tribune could hardly improve on this. I hope the Communists will be suitably grateful to you. Eugene Forsey, Director of Research, Canadian Congress of Labor, Ottawa.

The Woman Pays

After reading "Who Should Handle the Family's Money" (Maclean's Oct. 1), I felt a warm glow of supreme satisfaction to know that the leading Canadian magazine stated facts which I have believed all my life. Your magazine could perform a work of mercy by making enough reprints to distribute to family service bureaus, plus all immigrants who cannot conceive the differences in our Canadian way of life until it is explained to them in one syllable words. — Margaret Stackhouse, Galt, Ont.

A Slap for Baby Face

After reading "Don't Call Me Baby Face" (Oct. 1) I am constrained to express my disgust.

Do you believe that a reader who has just enjoyed the editorial, "Backstage at Ottawa," and Beverley Baxter is the same person who will enjoy reading the sadistic description of a boxer's plan to deal his opponent a blow which may well injure him for life, and then while he is inert from agony deliver a knockout blow? It is not just the cranks in the country who consider prize fighting a legalized brutality.—Mrs. H. Beale, Toronto.

Guide to the Shows

This is just a note of sincere appreciation of your new feature, "Maclean's

Movies." We live in the country and go to an occasional show. We like good shows and just hate going to see poor ones. Now we will have your list for our guide.—J. B. Townend, Mount Elgin, Ont.

Lo! It Came to Pass

Your magazine has had some influence in our household. Some months ago you had an art cle about the "merry wives of Windsor" ("Confessions of a Lady Smuggler," April 1 My sister said to me, "That's nothing



at all—you know it is just a cooked-up story."

Then a friend from Montreal came down with \$50 pinned to her stocking, so we knew it was true. And sister came back from Bermuda the other day and she carried a passion flower in her hat, something that you're not supposed to bring in.

Thanks for your articles. They are refreshing after what people in the States are fed.—John Carter, Brooklyn, N.V.

Patriotism or Politics?

Ever since reading your editorial on Mackenzie King (Sept. 1) I have wanted to write in protest for giving him so much credit for bringing Canada so safely and so satisfactorily through the war? I think credit was entirely due our fighting forces who saw their duty, while a very large majority stayed home and reaped the benefit! The government was standing fast on "no conscription" so King could save face with Quebec—all politics and not a speck of patriotism.—Mrs. Kathleen Burpee, Vancouver.

Profound Prophetic Preacher

Dorothy Sangster's article on Rabbi Feinberg (October 1) is unfair and lop-sided. She makes him only a high-powered executive. Maybe he is when he has to be—but he is a profound and poetic preacher and thinker too, with a wonderful gift for simple and moving language.

Another thing. Those photos of the rabbi insult him!—Hilda Sparkes, Toronto.

A Brickbat for Burma

The letter from Burma Gentner, of Lawrence, Mass., in Mailbag Sept. 15, is as remarkable for its confusion of thought as for its uncritical chauvinism. No one knows how much damage has been done to America's cause abroad by the doctrine that nothing which is not American can be entirely good, and that to Americanize is inevitably to improve.

It is precisely this kind of remark which makes Englishmen mutter. "These insufferable Yankees!" and turns p'ain unselfconscious folk into "professional Canadians."—Miss M. E. Nicol's, Saskatoon.



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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

PARADE scout in Vancouver was waiting to be waited on in the hardware department of a local store when he noticed among the bustle of shoppers one woman approaching with a particularly purposeful gleam in her eye. Pulling up at a counter she set down

DE KIND TO YOUR DOGS

her parcels, plucked off her shoe, picked up a hammer from an open display case, whammed a disturbing nail back into place, replaced hammer and shoe and went off to complete her shopping.

When an Ottawa undertaker was temporarily short of staff a few weeks ago he borrowed a driver from another funeral director, but on his very first job the fellow vanished from his post just as the funeral party was about to leave the church. Looking irately about for the missing man the undertaker spotted a fellow he thought to be the driver idling near the church steps and hissed at him, "For the love of Pete—will you get into your hearse!"

The accosted one paled, grabbed his collar, darted wild glances at the hearse and the casket, just then being carried down the steps, and exclaimed, "Into the hearse? But I'm not the . . . Why, I'm just a friend of the deceased."

A Fredericton man drove home to his native Cape Breton for a visit, accompanied by an American friend. One golden fall afternoon as they drove along Gillis Lake they were held up by an old-timer leading a cow down the middle of the dusty road. He didn't drive the cow any farther off centre than absolutely necessary to let them pass.

As the car eased by the Fredericton man engaged the farmer in small talk. Was the gentleman driving the cow to Sydney? He was. Did he intend to sell it? He did. How much was he likely to get for such a fine cow in Sydney. Thirty dollars—if he was lucky.

"What!" exclaimed the American, joining in for the first time. "Only \$30? Why, if I had that cow in Boston I could sell it for \$2 a pound!"

"And if you had Gillis Lake in hell," retorted the islander, with a wave toward the nearby shore line, "you could sell it for \$10 a glass."

A farmer near Whitelaw, Alta., announced to his family one afternoon that he'd drive them out to see a new oil well if they'd hop in the car fast. His three young sons rushed out but four-year-old Carol Ann was left standing in the doorway, jaw set, trying to do up her sweater coat. Three times she started from the top, three times she ended with a button over at the bottom. "Hurry up!" shouted her dad.

That was all that was needed to send her darting back into the living room for a pair of scissors. She swiftly hacked off the surplus button and raced for the car.

We've heard of a Toronto fouryear-old named David who acquired an almost hysterical terror of policemen, thanks to the deliberate poisoning of his innocent mind by a bunch of tough six-year-olds in the block. Seriously concerned, his mother finally determined the only cure would be to take the lad on a visit to a nearby police station where he could see for himself that cops were just lovable funny fellows like Daddy.

The sergeant on the desk co-operated splendidly, smiling affably at David, patting him on the head and



letting him try on a policeman's hat. Then swallowing the tiny hand in his own mighty fist he headed off down a long green corridor, booming, "Now come along, sonny, and I'll show you the cells where we put all the bad little boys."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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How you got out of the mud

Only a generation ago, this was a typical main highway. At its best it was narrow, bumpy and winding. In snow or mud it was next to impassable.

To those who remember driving such roads, the change in the last twenty years is almost beyond belief. Many thousands of miles of hard-surfaced highway have been built, to put a nation on wheels.

And for that amazing advance you can thank modern earthmoving equipment.

If Canada had to depend on horse and hand labor, millions would still be in the mud. The big yellow machines built by "Caterpillar"—Diesel Tractors, with Scrapers and 'Dozers—Motor Graders—Engines that power shovels and compressors—are building better roads ten times

faster and at a much lower cost than they could be built in the old days.

An immense amount of construction still is needed. Modern roads are as essential to the Dominion's strength as to your own safety. Let's make doubly sure that our highways will be life-lines of Canadian economy and defense.

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